The Student Voice
1943-1944

Worcester State
University

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE AT WORCESTER MASSACHUSETTS

VALLEY FORGE, 1777-8
Keep Our Boys Warm!
Buy War Savings Stamps!

The Acorn

THIS YEAR GIVE BONDS AND STAMPS FOR CHRISTMAS!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume II | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Thursday, December 16, 1943 | Number 1

Ruth B. Owen To Speak At Newman Club

Ruth Bryan Owen, America's first woman diplomat and daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan, will be the speaker at the Newman Club Scholarship Lecture. The lecture is to be given on December 15 at our college.

Mrs. Owen (Rhode) possesses the "silver tongued" oratory of her distinguished father, William Jennings Bryan, coupled with a womanly charm and magnetism of her own. She is one of the world's few great women.

Mrs. Owen was the first woman to represent the "Old South" in Congress, the first woman to serve on the Congressional Foreign Affairs Committee, and, as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Denmark, had the distinction of becoming America's first woman diplomat.

She was born into an environment of public service as the daughter of William Jennings Bryan and Mary Baird Bryan. She began her speaking career as a young girl stumping for her father when he was battling for the presidency of the United States. During the first world war she was joint Secretary-Treasurer with Mrs. Herbert Hoover of the American Women's War Relief Fund in London, and later served as nurse in the Egypt-Palestine campaign.

As Congresswoman, it has been said that she had as large an influence on legislation as any Congressman ever had during one term. She was no less successful during her three years in the diplomatic service as Minister to Denmark.

Today, Mrs. Owen is engaged in the most varied activities. In addition to writing and lecturing, she is

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S.T.C. Welcomes The New Teachers

Mrs. Allegrina G. Reid has been appointed instructor of music at our college. She was graduated from the Juilliard school of Music, and took a graduate degree at Boston University School of Music. She studied music under a fellowship for a year at the University of London. She has been public school supervisor of music in Hopedale, teacher of music at Courtland, N. Y., and an instructor at the Boston University School of Music.

Other appointments are Miss Elizabeth Barlow of Fall River, formerly of State Teachers College at Salem, English; Miss Dorothy Stafford of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of State Teachers College at Fitchburg, physical education; and Miss Vera K. Dean of Cavaliar, N. D., formerly at State Teachers College at Fitchburg, geography.

Glee Club Presents Christmas Program

This year the theme of the Glee Club program was a Christmas greeting to the Allied Nations.

The first group sung by the entire Glee Club includes: "O Come, O Come Emanuel"; "Paenis Angelicus," with solo parts by Jean Gagnon; "Christmas Dawn," and "Adeste Fidelis."

The salute to the Allied Nations included "Christmas Eve in America"; "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" of England; "Jeannette Isabelle" of France; "Bohemian Christmas Carol" of Czechoslovakia; "The Christ is Coming" of Russia; "Little Shepherds" of Latin America; "Saint Basil" of Greece; "Simple Birth" of the Netherlands; "Chinese Christmas Carol"; "The Perfect Rose" of Denmark; "Lullaby Carol" of Poland. These were sung by the group accompanied by Ruth Tucker.

An instrumental selection was given by the string and woodwind ensemble which includes: June Scott and Virginia McGinn, first violins; Mary Gagnon, second violin; Mary Reeves and Winifred Rushford, clarinets.

Officers of the club are; Barbara Cypher, president; Ruth Tucker, vice-president; Betty Kennedy, treasurer; Ruth Connolly, secretary; Mary Cavanaugh and Eleanor Moosey, librarians. Mrs. Mabel Reid is the new faculty advisor.

Letter to the Boys

Dear Gang:

Here it is Christmas again, and we miss you like the dickens. Lots of things are the same. The Christmas candles are in the windows; Santa Claus is back in Toyland; those violent red-and-orange ties have been dragged from beneath the counters by enterprising clerks; gorgeous gift packages of Nuit D'Amour, "the scent of romance" are again on sale at Woolworth's; cigarettes have donned new garb featuring holly berries and pin-up girls; the Glee Club is practicing Christmas carols; and we have all gone back to work as Santa Claus helpers. But some things are different. The laughing Santa is gone from MacInnes' window and with it disappears some of life's joy; those red-and-orange ties don't look so well with a uniform so we can't buy them; Nuit D'Amour, even if someone gave it to us, would be wasted on desert air this year; the Bach choir has disbanded (at this point we can hear Dickie Boulay's heart breaking); and you're away. But it isn't for long and we'll have a bigger Christmas tree when you come back. So wherever you are, Foxie, Flip, Charlie, Dick, Paul, John, Hultie, Leo, Eli, Fred, Al, Sully, Dr. Beals, and George, we hope you have a happy Christmas. We'll be thinking of you.

Love

From the Rest of Us.

Are You a Morale Lifter?

Thanks to the Yanks

"I'm beginning to feel like the Chaplain the way the boys come to me complaining about their shoes, clothing, and equipment—. Nobody seems to have winter O.D. uniforms that fit! You'd be surprised the way that some of the boys have changed in a year or so. The fat are skinny, the short are tall—it would be carrying it too far to say that the tall have become short."

ELIAS BARSOUM

Cheer up girls, maybe wrinkly rayons aren't so bad after all!

"Right now I am writing from the Y.M.C.A. where there is to be a dance tonight. However, the attendant allows seven servicemen to enter for every hostess. Some fun!"

JOHN MELIA

Somehow, it seems that lots of problems would be solved if S.T.C. had such dances.

"We are under a physical strain as well as a mental one. The school building is a mile away from our barracks so that having to go there three times a day makes a walk of about six miles. Besides that we have an hour and a half of exercises four days a week. This is usually devoted to drilling. All of this walking isn't any fun, even for the youngest of us."

GEORGE LAIRD

I dare anyone to tell George that we need an elevator for our library!

"I'm more firmly convinced than ever that teaching is the best job in the world, even though it's not the most lucrative profession. After attending Ohio State for over a month now, I still think that small schools are by far the best."

LEO SULLIVAN

Leo has been doing some sound thinking. The results should make us think too!

Pfc. Richard V. Beals, 31264370;
Bat. B. 8th Battalion, 1st Platoon,
Fort Eustis, Virginia.
Pfc. Richard Boulay, 31188340;
Hdqtrs. 345, Bomb G.P. (M)

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Christmas, 1943

Christmas in a world ablaze with war is no longer a season of hectic pleasure and extravagant celebrations. Hardships, sacrifices, and sorrow have turned our hearts and minds to the spiritual truth of the first Christmas. Stripped of trivialities and false standards, we sense the nearness of the Eternal God. With chastened hearts we join in the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Millions of American families will observe this Christmas united only in spirit with husband, brother, son, or sweetheart on some far flung battle front. You will pray to God that your soldier may be safe and that he may return to you unseared, unembittered by the brutalities of a ghastly war.

The chaplains of the United States Army bring to us this message in hope that it will help to lighten the burden you must bear;

"Wherever Americans fight this war, they carry with them their faith. As you at home turn to your faith in God this Christmas, so do they. Engaged in a task of severe discipline, of painful trial, they are sustained by the faith which sustains you at home. While you pray this Christmas, so do they, that God may grant that out of this holocaust will emerge a world in which Christmas will again be a time of peace and happiness."

Fighting Quotes

"Never go out to meet trouble. If you just sit still, nine times out of ten someone will intercept it before it reaches you."—*Calvin Coolidge.*

"Hang on to this fellow. He writes the best letters in the detachment." (Notation on a letter received by a girl from a fellow in Sicily. It was written by the censor.)

"Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it."—*Thomas Paine.*

"We would prefer to see our cities disappear like burning torches rather than ever submit to Nazism."

—*Pres. Elie Lescot of Haiti.*

Junior Prom Is Held December 11th at College

On December 11, our college gymnasium was magically transformed into a "Winter Wonderland." Amidst a background of soft, white flaky snow, we found ourselves gliding to the haunting strains of such romantic music as "Winter Wonderland," and "White Christmas." Evidences of skiing, sliding, snow-shoeing, and other winter sports completed the main theme of the dance. What more could you have desired? The Carnival Queen, a member of the Junior Class, reigned most charmingly.

Music for the dance was provided by Morty Gould. The chaperones were Miss O'Donnell, faculty advisor for the class, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund C. Osborne.

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEES

Social Chairman—Eva Frazier.

Decoration Committee — Betty Holm, Chairman, Louise Temple.

Orchestra Committee — Virginia Palmer, Chairman, Alice Syverson, Betty Kennedy, Marie Kenary, Maureen Cove.

Chaperone Committee — Celestine Terroy, Chairman, Lorraine Dunn, Eleanor Wentworth, Martha Russin.

Dance Orders — Claire George, Chairman, Dorothy Holden, Margaret Halley, Janet Marsh.

Congrats' - -

to President Carpenter for the high spirit he maintains day after day.

to Mr. Osborne for the fine way he managed to keep the Budget meetings under control.

to our librarian, Miss Fitch, for her ever ready cooperation and helpfulness.

to Miss Banigan and her never failing sense of humor which is most becoming.

to the Freshmen for bringing Henry to us.

to the Sophomores for their continued originality.

to the Juniors for not becoming completely annihilated.

to the Seniors. They did it again.

to Peg Scarry and Pat Looney upon their recent invitation to Kappa Delta Pi.

to Emmet Fink for pulling the strings.

to Eleanor Wentworth and Louise

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Mr. Leo Goyette Is Our New Janitor at S.T.C.

When our new janitor was approached for information about himself, all he told us was his name. We do know, however, that he is friendly, *modest,* and willing to cooperate. We hope that Mr. Leo Goyette will find working with us a real pleasure.

THE ACORN STAFF

Editor.....Barbara A. Stewart
Associate Editors.....Eleanor Looney, Barbara Cypher
Literary Editor.....Florence Streeter
Club Editor.....Mary McDonald
Art Editor.....Betty Holm
Service Editor.....Claire George
Exchange Editor.....Betty Kennedy
Business Manager.....Marie Kenary
Reporter.....Barbara Conway, '46
Reporter.....Eleanor Moosey, '46
Reporter.....Ethelyn Maloney, '47
Reporter.....Barbara Brosnan, '47

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."
—*Longfellow*

Bill is an average American boy. He's someone you know, someone you like. Perhaps he's your little brother grown up; the friendly next door neighbor; or the fellow that makes your happy little heart sing at the mere mention of his name. But there's more to Bill than that. He's a soldier—a human machine—a man fighting for the American way of life. Fighting for you, me, all of us, and for the ideals which are so dear to each and every one of us. He knows the true meaning of war.

To be sure, many of us cannot do the job that Bill is so capably doing. But we can help him, and he is counting on us just as much as we look up to him. Don't you suppose that he would much rather be hearing the yelling and cheering that accompanies the good old American baseball game in contrast to the zooming, death striking noise of a Zero, piloted by a peanut-faced Jap?

Stop for a moment and ask yourself this question: Am I worth fighting for? Well, are you? Only you yourself can answer this question honestly.

If you go about, day after day, with an empty look on your face, constantly grumbling because you can't buy this; if you are the type of person who delights in spending money for spending's sake; if you have recently acquired this attitude, "Well, after all, I didn't ask for it so why should I be concerned;" if you remain idle and brood about things that don't really matter; if you don't face your problems fairly and squarely with the idea in mind that faith can conquer all—, then you're not worth fighting for.

As the saying goes, there are two sides to every question. But there are exceptions to every rule. Where the lives of millions of human beings are concerned, there can be only one side for Americans to uphold.

Be fair and honest with yourself. Remember, every dragon you kill makes you stronger against the next problem that assails you. If you find yourself faced with a real crisis, do something. Find a vital task that needs doing, whether it be for yourself or someone else. Work twice as hard. Be happy and cheerful. Yes, it's a hard thing to do. But remember Bill; his job is not an easy one. Cooperate and give your services willingly when you are called upon to do so. We are asked to do so very little in comparison to what Bill does. He may give his life; that depends upon you. If you look upon each passing day with the true American spirit, and a prayer in your heart that says—Thank God I have the future to look forward to—then you're worth fighting for. Bill and all the other American boys will not have fought in vain.

The only thing permanent in this world is change. Today, more than ever before, we find that changes are occurring so frequently and suddenly, that one has to be constantly on the alert to keep abreast of the times.

War not only affects society as a whole. It has its powerful seeds deeply planted in small groups as well as in individuals.

Our college is one of the small groups to which I am referring. We have changed from the happy-go-lucky youth to serious, quiet, and thoughtful men and women—a change which is inevitable in our modern surroundings.

Things about our college have changed greatly. We notice the undercurrent of confusion and discontentment prevalent among our students. Many of our class mates are now enrolled in the armed forces of Uncle Sam. Their vacancies can never be filled. Then again, many of our former students are engaged in essential war work. They too have answered America's call. This year, there was a considerable change in our faculty. To our new professors, we extend a hearty welcome; to those who have left us, we wish them success in every way possible. Little do they know of the feeling of gratitude and warmth they have left in the hearts of their former students and friends.

This and That

Holding hands on the street which was always lots of fun but considered bad taste or silly is back for the duration. This roving reporter has drawn his own conclusions after viewing thousands of service men with their lassies walking on the streets of U. S. cities and towns, oblivious of everything but themselves.

Handholding is definitely an art. It is an interesting study to observe these charming interlockers and interweavings. Have you ever seen a fellow cup his hand about his girlfriend's elbow and navigate her through a crowd? Another anxious lover links his arm through the girl's and then in some way grabs her hand. No one is going to steal her. Then there is the six foot three, two hundred pounder, who tightly holds the little finger of his five footer, and blissfully strolls along. Other varieties are the handcuff clasp, where the boy encircles the girl's wrist with his hand and lastly we have the couple who interlock fingers.

Ah well, it's a lover's custom and maybe they've got something after all.

The war strategists of the lounge predict that "the war can't possibly last much longer; our morale can't stand it." Won't it be great when we can start worrying again about 'what' and not 'who' we'll be wearing to the next dance.

I overheard a clever suggestion for paying off the war debt. After the peace, the boys could bring Adolph and Tojo back to the states, put them in a cage and exhibit them in circus shows at a dollar a peek. Americans are rather gullible you know.

Latin Club Meetings Proved Successful

The "Sorores Togatae," though minute in number, has an exceedingly promising year in view.

Under the guidance of Mr. Jones, faculty advisor, the September and October meetings proved to be successful. Florence Krajewski assumed her duties as consul and Barbara Conway those of Secretary-Treasurer.

The subject of this year's topics was decided to be that of discussions concerning Greek and Roman authors. The first report was given by Florence Krajewski at the October meeting. Her fine summary of Suetonius' *Life of Caesar* found wide interest in her fellow-members.

Therefore, to get a different aspect of some of the Greek and Roman writers with whom you should become familiar, attend the next meeting of this enlightening Latin Club.

Newman Club Elects Officers at First Meeting

At its first meeting of the year, the Newman Club elected board members and officers. The officers for the year are: Mary Houlihan, president; Maureen Cove, vice-president; Virginia Palmer, recording secretary; Betty McCann, corresponding secretary; and Ruth Conolly, treasurer. New members from the Freshmen class were welcomed into the club. At this meeting, plans were discussed for a dance which was held November 20th, with the Worcester Tech Newman Club. Music was provided by the top ranking bands in the country via records. Refreshments were served and a good time was had by all.

Walking Through a Cemetery

In defiance of many queer and utterly absurd superstitions, I walked through a cemetery one night. I was at first, nervous and frightened, as I had been before my first ride on a roller coaster. After this sensation had worn, however, I was struck by the beauty of the pale moonlight filtering through the trees onto the rows of gravestones.

Here, I felt, was a world within a world, a good world within a wicked one. Here everything, even the rustling and whispering of the leaves, suggested peace. Here, quiet and contentment reigned undisturbed by any of this world's strife and misery. The silence was so meaningful and the stillness so complete that I could hear my heart pounding.

Looking over the vastness of the place and what it stood for gave me a terrifying pang at my own insignificance, at my own littleness. I realized that in the earth around me, perhaps even under my feet, were thousands of different people, all reduced to the same thing. Lowell, Murphy, Cohen, Smith—people from every nationality and social groups were at last all alike in the eyes of the world and of their Creator. I was struck with the realization that Someone higher and mightier than ourselves acts as a stabilizer and keeps us on an even keel, sometimes jolting us severely in the process.

I went into the cemetery in a spirit of defiance and I came out much the richer and wiser for my fifteen-minute stay.

Hoping

For the moment you have forgotten
That glorious day we met,
The lovely spring was in the air—
Should I, too, try to forget?

Should I forget those eyes of brown,
The hair with its lonesome wave,
The funny way in which you laugh,
Your face when serious and grave?

Should I forget that smile so quick
Which somehow never failed
To hasten the beats of my heart
As on high my spirits sailed?

Should I forget that winter day—
The day you held my hand?
Should I forget the notes you sent,
And our walks in snow and sand?

I'm certain I'll always love you
To forget would be in vain,
So I'll keep on with my existence
In hopes you'll remember again.

CELESTINE TERROY, '45

"If it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl willingly, if to fly, I will fly with alacrity, but, as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy."
—*Sidney Smith*

Christmas

BY MARY HUSSEY

C stands for Christ,
Born on this day.
Who came on this earth
To drive sin away.

H means Holy,
Which this day should be.
It's the birthday of Him,
Who died for me.

R stands for the Roles
We play each day,
To enter the place
That is bright and gay.

I means Incense
Brought by the King.
It was his gift
For the Infant King.

S stands for Star,
Which lighted the way,
And shone all the time,
Both night and day.

T means good Tidings
Spread at His birth,
By angels in Heaven,
To people on earth.

M stands for Manger,
Where the Christ was laid,
On a bedding of straw,
Which St. Joseph made.

A means the Angels
Who sang their song,
To spread the good news
Through the ages along.

S stands for Savior,
A babe from above.
We give Him our hearts.
He gave His love.

Student Council Meets and Plans for the Year

At the September twentieth meeting, the student council planned the club schedule for the year. Boxes to be sent to the service men, by all classes, was an accepted suggestion. It was decided that if a conference is held, delegates will be sent from the classes.

The council projects for the year were discussed. Contributing to Blood Banks and aiding in bandage rolling are two of the activities which are, we hope, to receive generous support.

The members of the council are: Marion Harrington, president; Virginia Palmer, vice-president; Elsie Higgins, auditor; Mary Reeves, secretary; and, Eleanor Looney, Margaret Halley, Mary Foley.

What's Cookin'?

To the members of the student body who are domestically inclined:

SNAPPY GINGER SNAPS

¾ c. shortening
½ c. sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
1 tbsp. vinegar
2 tbsp. cold water
4½ c. flour
1 tbsp. soda
1 tbsp. ginger

Cream shortening with sugar. Add beaten egg, then molasses, vinegar, and cold water. Sift flour, soda, and ginger, then add to the first mixture. Stir in as much of the flour as you can, and knead in remainder. Roll out and cut in desired shapes. Bake 10-12 minutes, in moderate oven (350-375 F).

Delicious, either thick or thin.

Very attractive cut with Santa Clause cutter, decorated with colored frosting. LAURENDA BOYER

S. T. C. Holds Its Own

'Twas a dreary, dull London morning that the Boston and Maine train left the North Station. Gracing the dirty seats was no less a personage then yours truly, Matilda Runstein. There was I (not a-waitin at the Church) getting more and more terrified at the dilemma which was my own choice. Yes, I was on my way to Middlebury College in Vermont. Gone were all the faithful compagnons of the "smoker," gone were all the profs who understood one so well. Looming but too close on the horizon was the prospect of a strange surrounding among foreigners (foreigners are people who do not live in Massachusetts). But one last faithful friend was with me—my teddy bear. Come foe or flunking grades my bosom pal would suffer with me.

The seven-hour train ride lasted over eight hours, but who was I to complain of poor service? The only thought in my mind at the time was—"I wonder how often the trains go from Middlebury to Boston?" But the horizon arrived and I disembarked upon a new field determined to swallow my gloom and conquer all the windmills on my path. How was I to know that I would be met by people speaking only French? And anyway, I didn't know how to say where I was supposed to live—in French. But the school had been very considerate in sending me baggage tags—so I just pinned one onto the lapel of my trench coat and smiled my professional fitness smile. Sure enough, pretty soon a teacher from Maryland and a taxi-driver took compassion upon my youth (for I was carrying a teddy bear) and before I could say "Il était une bergere," there I was at the D.U. House. Boy! Was that a place—nicest on the campus.

The moment I arrived into my own room I changed to my slacks—for as have always maintained—the only way to be at ease outwardly is to be dressed comfortably. Then off I went to register. And what do you suppose was the first thing that was placed in front of me? You guessed it. I had to sign an oath promising to speak French only during my seven weeks' stay at the College. Well, I figured there's only one way to get out of this and that is to sign in pencil. I did. But nobody else did—so I had no alternative but to speak French if I wanted to say anything. Has anybody ever known me not to want to say anything?

After I had been at the college a few days, the dawn came. All one had to do was to relax. And the thoughts just naturally formed by themselves. The drill and drill and drill that I had unwillingly endured came to my rescue and I found that nobody but the profs noticed if I used the wrong tense of the verb. I pulled a boner one day in the Classe de Diction when I said that Mlle. McKelligett had a statue in her room that was sixteen feet high. But it was only the professor Mlle. Rey who questioned the size of our classrooms at S.T.C. It was perfectly all right with the other students (?) if we held classes in Convention Hall or any reasonable facsimile thereof.

Of the subject matter—. I bit off quite a mouthful and consequently had to study. When I say study I mean spending six to eight hours trying to translate a paragraph from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or trying to get a nasal into a perfectly nice word like inconnu. And every time I got up from my desk it was with a sincere hope that some day I would return to S.T.C. where the teachers realize that other teachers give assignments and where there can be a rebellion (class of '44) if excuses are not accepted. (P.S. I passed all four courses that I took. Mostly through the efforts of my friends who kept reminding me that if I didn't finish my homework I would be ostracized).

Do you like beets? I did. But would you like beets if you had them once a day for three weeks running? Seemed as though the word betrave would automatically slip from my mouth. I would be furious with myself when I got beets instead of string beans or carrots or something. But the waitresses were students and their pronunciation was quite similar to mine (with different twists revealing the part of the country from which they had come) and it was difficult to keep the list of vegetables in mind. And so much as I would struggle to remember the word for string bean I inevitably got beets. (Miss Kittredge, please take note—no beets please.)

You know our teacher assemblies? Well, we had two assemblies a week and the Playhouse. And only the teachers would participate. Although the programs were supposed to be kept secret, everybody could tell who was going to perform. Because, teachers or not, they certainly got upset and harassed. And during class one could hear streams of French come pouring from their lips at the slightest sign of stupidity (like a neon, I was). Perhaps it was just as well that many of us could not keep up with their words for even the teachers themselves would become flustered and red.

By the way, you fellows—don't feel too badly about your small number. There were only about ten of the male species at Middlebury. BUT. There were fifteen hundred naval air cadets going to the English school. And we had to sign oaths promising to speak only French. It was surprising how many of those cadets learned to carry on French conversations. (I personally can vouch for two with whom I played tennis.)

There is one thing that I learned at Middlebury and it is the very thought with which I should like to leave you. This may sound moralistic, but those of you who know me know that I'm not inclined that way. It doesn't matter what you know or what college you may have gone to. What really matters, is, being a regular guy and willing to be one of the gang. MATILDA RUNSTEIN, '44

Kappa Delta Pi

Miss Helen Nieminen, president of Kappa Delta Pi, has extended invitations of membership to Miss Margaret Scarry and Miss Eleanor Looney. Both students are members of the Senior Class.

Dramatic Club Has Interesting Meeting

The Dramatic Club at its last meeting decided to aid in the war effort by presenting one-act plays to veterans at Devens and West Boylston.

They are at work at present on a short Christmas play entitled, "Peace I Give Unto You." Those participating are: Barbara Tomolonius, Margaret Barsam, Claire George, Dorothy Willard, Mary Gagnon.

Le Cercle Francais Holds Xmas Party

The annual Christmas party, or shouldn't we say the Soirée de Noël of the Cercle Français was held in traditional manner. A miracle play, "Le Tombeor de Notre Dame," (Our Lady's Tumbler), was presented for the fifth year. Claire Berthiaume had the role of the Virgin and Claire George was the Tombeor. The part of the Abbot was played by Barbara Straw, and his assistant by Barbara Tomolonius. The two other monks preparing their manuscripts were Patricia Daley and Doris Skrivars.

Dorothy Willard and Lotta Reis were the angels and Catherine Hennigan and Mary Gagnon the devils.

Henry Halko was in charge of the stage, assisted by Frances Katunas, Mary McDonough and Margaret Murray.

The scene was laid in an old monastery, and the twelfth century background of the play was heightened by the music and lighting effects.

After the play Père Noël distributed the gifts as the Club, grouped about the Christmas tree, sang the lovely old French carols.

New Additions to Our Library

Johnny Tremain, by Esther Forbes.

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood, by Emily Kimbrough.

The Duke, by Richard Aldington (Biography of Duke of Wellington).

Prologue to New England, by Henry F. Howe.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, by Capt. Ted. W. Lawson.

Long Were the Nights, by Hugh B. Cave.

The Chiangs of China, by Elmer T. Clark.

Reveille (War Poems by members of our armed forces), edited by Daniel Henderson, J. Kieran and Grantland Rice.

The Native's Return, by Louis Adamic.

My Native Land, by Louis Adamic.

Between Tears and Laughter, by Lin Yutang.

Burma Surgeon, by Gordon S. Seagrave.

The Robe, by Lloyd Douglas.

So Little Time, by John P. Marquand.

Under Cover, by John Roy Carlson.

My Friend Flicka, by Mary O'Hara.

Thunderhead, by Mary O'Hara.

Debating Club Holds First Meeting

The Debating Club held its first meeting October 14th and decided to make a study of Parliamentary and debating procedures for the first semester. The intercollegiate debating season is scheduled to begin in February. The question for debate will be the National Debate Question for 1943-44: Resolved: That the United States should cooperate in establishing and maintaining an International Police Force upon defeat of the Axis." Since the president, Elias Barsoum, is now in the United States Army Air Force, the office of president had to be filled. The officers for the year are: President, Mary McDonnell; Vice President, Eleanor Moosey; Secretary, Margaret Barsam; Treasurer, Mary Bryson; Program Chairman, Geraldine Kane. Eleanor Looney and Eileen O'Leary will also take part in the debates. All students who are interested in debating are cordially invited to attend the next meeting. Miss Margaret M. Banigan is faculty advisor.

With Apologies to Henry Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the plight of Freshmen, far and near.
On September thirteenth, in the year forty three,
Forty odd victims were paying the fee
Required to enter State Teachers' College
Which in turn promised us, plenty of knowledge.
When the first week had passed, the Freshmen were saying,
"This school is a snap—as easy as playing."
However, time passed and homework piled on
While faces became pale, peaked, and drawn.
The worst news of all came in History one day,
When Dr. Farnsworth announced he had something to say.
His oration brought news of a written exam,
For which we lost sleep while trying to cram.
The results were outrageous, our spirits sank
When some of us found we composed the rear flank.
In spite of our trials, we all love S.T.C.
Where our teachers are patient and kind as can be.
So classmates, next time you hear, "Freshman-poor soul,"
Buck up and remember, we'll soon reach our goal.

CAROLYN CARLSON

"Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed."

—Mark Twain

"Send me airplanes, trucks, and guns—. If you can't spare anything else, send me some French and Indian War Tomahawks."

—General Douglas MacArthur

Shadows

It seems that the Juniors are all authorities on Army rings (where and how to get them). Speaking of rings, the Seniors seem to know the answers when it comes to diamonds. Congratulations are now in order for Louise and we hope that her future will be as bright and lovely as her newly acquired sparkler. Who ever said that Sophomore girls were not popular? You disbelievers will just have to change your mind. After all, didn't the only male member of the Freshman class escort a Sophomore lassie to the All College Dance? Then too, have you forgotten that Emmet Fink gave that honor to Mary Reeves, another Sophomore? One never knows, does one?

ADVERTISEMENT—For printing engraving, and typing of any sort, please call upon the program committee of the Senior class. They will greet you with a happy smile, and will do their best to please. BUT, don't expect to have miracles performed.

The Freshmen have a request to make of the student body. It goes something like this—"Give us a break; remember, you were freshmen once." In other words, let's all get acquainted.

Incidentally, four perfectly normal Junior Secondaries have become fiendish weather prophets because of a little thing called "'sling psychrometer." In case you have any questions as to the meaning, the Dictionary can be of help at times.

Famous Last Words: "The kids are learning in spite of the teacher." Never mind, Venise, we know better. "Motivation" is what counts, and we have yet to find anyone who can surpass you. It would be worth anything to look in on one of your classes. Why don't you see what you can do along the vocal order? Perhaps you could even teach them "Cherries."

Summer, romance, moonlight and stuff—. Ask Alice and Virginia about Watch Hill and the Coastguards. Betty Kennedy has finally come to the conclusion that snakes can be baked on radiators. The art class is still wondering if Celestine found out what to do with the cow's head. She always did have her troubles. Another question has been raised by the inquisitive Junior class. Just how far can Miss Banigan go back in that pliable chair of hers without any casualties? Perhaps the inquisitive ones would like to have tryouts.

The Psychology class is amazed at the stories that come pouring forth from Peg Sullivan's lips. If there are any "bad boys" (the criminally inclined type), it seems that Peg has them in her class. We suggest that you become an author, Peg, and entitle your book, *The Younger Generation of No. Grafton.* We predict that it'll be a best seller.

We must not forget to commend Louise Temple for the fine way in which she welcomed back one of her former classmates at the All College Dance. A good time was had by all.

If you ever miss an episode of "Super-Man" or "Smilin' Jack," Matilda will ease your troubled mind and set you straight again. It's sur-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

Shadows

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

prising how intriguing comics can be.

Could it be that you have not heard this one? It belongs to Florence Krajewski (obtained from a fellow employee at Brockelman's), about the man who ordered the ten pounds of butter before the hoarder got there.

For all the intellectuals interested in Moron jokes—add these to your list. The moron who took a chair to the hospital for Gangrene to set in; the moron who went into a flower shop and asked for a defense plant; and finally the moron who clals his girl Post Script because her name is Adeline.

Freshmen

Another school year has begun, and another Freshmen class has started on their new careers.

At the first social function of the school year, many of the freshmen attended wth rather fine looking lads. Among those present were: Anne McCarthy, Jeanne Gagnon, Patricia Doyle, Dorothy Smith, Anne Kulesaza, and Mathilda Driscoll.

Good Luck, Freshmen!

Ruth B. Owen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

a member of the American Greenland Commission, collaborator with the U. S. Travel Bureau, member of the Adult Education Board of Columbia Broadcasting Company, member of the Board of Regents of the University of Miami, and visiting Professor in Government and Social Science at Monticello College, Godfrey, Illinois. Mrs. Owen holds four honorary degrees: L.L.D. (1927), Rollins College; L.L.D., L.H.D., (1931), Russell Sage University; L.L.D., (1935), Women's College of Florida; L.H.D., (1938), Temple University.

As a member of the Advisory Board of the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, she is especially well equipped to speak with authority and first hand knowledge of prisons and prison reform. Her new lecture, "America's Public Problem No. 1" deals with this important subject and is one of her best lecture successes.

Mrs. Owen is an orator of world fame. For the past two decades she has been one of the most popular figures on the lecture platform.

The chairman of all the committees is Mary Houlihan, president of the Newman Club. Other members are: Ruth Connolly, tickets; Dorothy Holden, advertising; Phillipa Brady and Eleanor Looney, charge of correspondence; and Mary Moreau, Alumnae chairman.

"Bashfulness is a very pretty thing, but, in my mind there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush."

—Sheridan

"Advice is seldom welcome; those who need it most like it least."

—Dr. Johnson

"One always has time enough, if one will apply it well."

—Goethe

From One Girl To Another

Honestly, I don't know what this world is coming to. The man shortage is really at a crucial stage. I wish that I had had one to ask to the prom. I thought that perhaps I could bribe my brother to go, but he said that he was tired of escorting me to dances. Isn't it pathetic the way the Freshmen learn to put on airs? As soon as they pass one of Dr. Farnsworth's exams they walk around with that stand offish-don't-touch-me air. And the Sophomores! Just because they aren't Freshmen any more they think they are the upper crust. But the Seniors—well, all I can say is that it's a good thing that we see them only once a week. Have you been doing all of your homework lately? I did every bit of it for the first month, but when my mother threatened to have me examined, I eased up a bit. Did you dance with that Pre-Med student? I did, and when he began analyzing me that was going too far. Have you joined Mrs. Reid's 'Hopeless Voice Class'? Well, enough is enough, so I guess I'd better do some studying—I sincerely don't want to flunk anything.

LAURA JACOBSON

International Relations Club Starts Fifth Year

The International Relations Club, one of the more popular special interest organizations of the college, has embarked on its fifth annual voyage in the troubled seas of war, clashing economic interests, and plans for post-war settlements.

The club has an able and enthusiastic executive body in the persons of Phillipa Brady, President; Barbara Stewart, Treasurer; Evelyn Logan Secretary.

At the first meeting, Mary Moreau reviewed the book entitled *Russia*. Plans for the next meeting and the current year were discussed. One of the more specific problems which enter into club discussions will be, "What will the United States want in the Peace Conference?" Other colleges in Worcester and the county have been invited to participate in conference periods.

Literary Type

Sunday, Monday, or Always—Homework.
This Will Be My Shining Hour—Final Exams.
O, What A Beautiful Morning—Saturday.
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes—The Lounge.
I Don't Know How He Does It—Magician.
In My Arms—Pile of Schoolbooks.
No, No, No—Gum.
They're Either Too Young Or Too Old—General Opinion.

"The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident."

—Charles Lamb

"Education is not intended to make lawyers or clergymen, soldiers or schoolmasters, farmers or artisans, but men."

—Sir John Lubbock

Literary Club Meeting Held November 8th

The first meeting of the Literary Club was held November eight. At this time, new members were welcomed into the club. The president, Virginia Somerville, presented a review of the book "Paris Underground" by Etta Shiber. Eleanor Wentworth was elected to the office of vice-president. Celestine Terroy and Betty Holm were chosen to be the co-chairmen of the entertainment committee for this year. Other current best sellers were discussed at the meeting.

Seedlings

These are the times that try teachers' souls—the secondaries are out apprenticing. For the first time the field of public-school education is feeling the pinch of war. Every time the pupils look at us they rush out to buy another war stamp so the war will be over quickly—Of course, everyone isn't unpopular. There is the Vinnie Howe Fan Club No. 463; the We-Want-Maloney-For-President Club; and even the We-Want-Rice-For-Anything-At-All Club—But we're happy. This is the first year the "problem children" have had any peace of mind (comparatively speaking). If you can't solve your problems, send in a used diamond ring and we will send you Mr. O'Flynn's address—If Dr. Farnsworth's eyes are a little red, he has a perfectly legitimate excuse. Ask him how he feels about "onions"—Mr. Fink's eyes are red for another reason. He's weeping for another lost friendship. That's what comes of letting one's subconscious get out of control. We're keeping ours under lock and key—We're having a lot of trouble trying to remember all the stories that we have to tell Dr. Shaw when he gets back. And he might find one in Washington to match that night in—We haven't seen much of the freshmen but in our wanderings we've found a few who might conceivably fill our shoes (with the proper training, of course). Names and Addresses on request.—Our friend Dr. Beals writes that he is continuing his program of guidance in Texas and adds that it is harder to walk back from a horse-back ride—In the absence of the good doctor we have developed a new expert in the field of human relations. For personal consultations see Miss Phillipa Brady S.S.S. Miss Brady had studied under all the leading demonstrators and spent three months this summer in field-work!—Someday when you're feeling blue drop into Thom McCan's and watch the floorshow featuring the Misses Toombs, McCann, and Spongberg. It is definitely worth the price of admission. If that doesn't help wander down to Sherer's where the performance by misses Gagnon, McCarthy Houlihan, and Co. is faster and funnier but apt to run overtime—And if you're still blue just wait around till February and we'll change all that. In the meantime we're lending sunshine and light to the corridors of sundry public schools. And confidentially this is the first time we've ever admitted being "lit up."

Professionally yours,
FLORA AND FAUNA

W. A. A.

It has been said that opportunity only knocks once, but for those who like sports, opportunity knocks every Wednesday and Thursday during sixth hour. Hockey and Badminton have been played, and it is expected that Soccer might also be played later.

On Thursday, November 18th, at assembly, a sports rally was held. At that time, the new students were divided into blue and gold teams.

The blue team holds the honors at present, and hopes to hold them in the future. However, only time will tell!

Congrats' - -

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Temple for their fine musical program which was immensely enjoyed.

to Miss Kittredge for the way she manages to feed the student body. Especially in these times.

to Venise for her unique manner of entertaining us in the lounge.

to Ed. McGee. With Ed over there, we're bound to come through with flying colors.

to Joan Smith. Not many of us realize the pleasure to be derived from getting a perfect score on Dr. Winslow's exams.

to the S.T.C. staff of janitors for their constant willingness to cooperate.

to Miss West. If ever you find yourself faced with financial problems, her little notebook has all the answers.

to Walter Rice for leading his footsteps back to S.T.C.

to the All College Dance committee for making it the success that it was.

to all the students who are helping to build morale by writing to our boys in the service.

Le Cercle Francais Opens Year With Gala Meeting

Le Cercle Français, following the motto of Anatole France, "S'instruire en s'amusant" (Laugh while you learn), opened the year with a meeting of songs and games. A serious note was added by the pledge of loyalty to the Cercle, taken by the new members.

At the second meeting a program of "Information Please," charades, and folksongs, arranged by the Sophomores, was enjoyed by the club. The meeting ended with the singing of "La Marseillaise."

Plans were made for the Christmas program, which is one of the highlights of the yearly activities of the Cercle. The Cercle has chosen to present a short play based on the old French legend of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," or "Our Lady's Tumbler."

The traditional Christmas tree and visit of Père Nöel, as well as the singing of carols will complete the program.

"Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers."

—Hans Christian Andersen

"—for these friends (books) are more delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumult of society."

—Plutarch

Thanks to the Yanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Gp. (A.P.O. 929) Co. P.M.
San Francisco, California.
Pvt. Paul Evans, 31186503;
Co. F., 3651 S.U. A.S.T.P.,
R.O.T.C. 4th Platoon,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Pfc. Warren Hultquist, 31259296;
A.S.T.U. (S T A R) S.C.U. #3702
Co. A., Ag. College, University of Nebraska,
Lincoln, Nebraska.
Corp. John Melia,
Hd. Co., 2nd Batt., 360th Infantry,
A.P.O.98 98th Division, U. S. Army
31185718, Co. P. Mass.
Nashville, Tennessee.
Sgt. Leo. J. Charbonneau, 31075721;
Law Enforcement Group F, Hdq.
Com'd A.P.O.600, M.B.S.
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.
Pfc. Robert J. Fox,
U. S. Marine Corps, Co. K, 3rd Battalion, 8th Marine, c/o Post Office Fleet Marine,
San Francisco, California.
Aviation Cadet Charles H. Farnum,
Batt. 32, Co. 1, Mangum Hall, Room 205, U. S. Navy Pre-Flight, Platoon I
Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Lieut. F. Edmund McGee, 0-800910;
A.P.O. 12350 B. A. Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

"Remember—if you don't write, you're wrong."

"What the country needs is dirtier finger-nails and cleaner minds."

—Will Rogers.

"Christianity has not been tried and found wanting: it has been found difficult and NOT tried."

—G. K. Chesterton.

Buy War Stamps and Bonds for Victory

We're All In It:
Let's Win It!
Buy War Stamps & Bonds

The Acorn

SAVE, SERVE, GIVE!
Make Democracy Live!
Buy Bonds and Stamps !

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Volume II | Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Wednesday, March 15, 1944 | Number 2

We Too, Can Fight

Last year, we dedicated a service flag which proudly proclaimed to the world that our school had given fifteen young men to the service of our country. Since that time, one blue star has changed to gold and we have rededicated our flag with sincere words and hearts, even prayers and tears are not enough, however sincere. The war has been going on for more than two years, but the students of State Teacher's College at Worcester, like the country of Argentina, are still neutral. Think for a moment of the activities sponsored or even remotely connected with our student organizations which might be classified as war services. Your listing will be pitifully small, almost non-existent. Other schools sell war bonds, roll bandages, sponsor service dances, and knit. We do none of these things. Every war project we have attempted has been a colossal flop within a very short period, but not for lack of work on the part of the sponsors. Rather, it was the response of the student body as a whole to any plea which involved a little effort on their part, even to bringing an extra dime for a war stamp. True, in your free time after school or in other organizations, you may participate in all of those activities and more. But for the greatest part of the week, you are a part of our school organization, and at the same time a part of the great civilian army supposedly spending every waking moment in some kind of war effort. YOU ARE WASTING TIME! There are many things that you could do. Only you can decide which of them will be your contribution. But, decide you must, and soon. Let the next proposal for a war activity come from the people who will carry it on—the students. And after it has been proposed, let those same people give it every possible support. Two years is a very long time to stay on the side-lines of the world's biggest game. Let's get in there and fight!

Think This Over

(*Condensed from an advertisement by Foote, Cone and Belding*)

"I hope the hardships we had to endure may be a lesson to the people back home . . . " CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER.

Are you annoyed because your food is rationed? Read this: "For the first few days we were rationed on the basis of two sips of water per man . . . "

Do you feel cheated because the butcher has no steaks? Read this: "A sea gull landed on my head. I caught him and wrung his neck, and carved up his carcass. We divided it equally. It was delicious . . . "

Do you complain because your house ish't warm enough? Read this: "The waves were breaking over us continually, and because of the wind,

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"The Voice of the Low I. Q."

BY EFFA A. PRESTON

(This article was not written by a member of the student body).

"Yeah, I'm in the special class this term. Sure, I like it all right; we have lots of fun, and the work's got lots of sense to it. I can do it. Why did I get put there? Well, I ain't so sure. The report said I had a low I.Q., but nobody noticed it till last spring, when I couldn't get along in Miss Brown's class. She gave the test, and when I handed in my paper, she looked at it and said, "Just what I thought. I knew he didn't belong in here."

Yeah, it was something they call an "Intelligence Test." It was awfully funny. At first, I thought it was just a joke, but it turned out it wasn't. You had to put crosses on pictures, and circles around 'em, and lines under 'em, and dots over 'em, till I got sort of mixed up, so I just drew a line right through the middle of them. There was some sentences to write "Yes" or "No" after; sentences like this: "A carpenter builds houses." I wrote "No" because my old man's a carpenter, and he ain't built a house in four years. He's working on the railroad track. The boy that sat next to me put "No" on every other sentence, and then filled the rest up with "Yes." He gotta swell mark. I read so slow that I only got four done before the time was up. I got so tired of being hurried up all the time.

A tree, a fish, a cake of ice. Look at this! It is so funny, I tore out the page and kept it. I'll read what it tells you to do. "John is ten years old, and his sister Mary is eight. If John is not Mary's brother, draw a line from the fish to the cake of ice. If Mary and John are twins, write your middle name under the tree, and if you have no middle name there, put zero there. If they are not twins, print your last name on the tree. If Mary is younger than John, write the Roman number eight in the upper left hand corner of the paper, but if John is older than Mary, draw a cat in the lower right hand corner. If they both go to school, write your full name at the bottom of the page." I'm never sure how to spell my name, so I didn't even try to do this one.

Miss Brown didn't like it because I asked a lotta questions. She thought I was being fresh, but I wasn't. There's a lotta things I want to know about. I never get mad when she answers, but they always seem to fit the wrong questions. Anyway, everything's changin' all the time so what's the use of learning things today, maybe they won't even be true tomorrow? I know heaps of things Miss Brown didn't know, like where to find bird's nests, and how to fix a leaky pipe, and what the baseball scores are. She has to send for the janitor when the lights go out, or a window shade tears. I can do lots of things if I don't have to read how in a book first.

Sure, I'm glad I'm in the special class. I get lots more attention. Seems like if you're awful smart or dumb, they do a lot for you, but if you're "normal" they just leave you set. I heard the school Psychologish—that's a man that comes in just before promotion—he told Miss Brown it was on account of my grandfather and the rest of my ancestors. She said it was kind of late to do anything about it now, and he said it was, but I must have the proper training so I'd be a good ancestor.

Gosh, I don't want to be no ancestor, I'm gointa be a plumber."

"Truth in her dress finds facts too tight—in fiction she moves with ease."

—Rabindranath Tagore

Edith Abercrombie Snow

One of the most delightful and informative Assemblies of this year was the one in which Mrs. Edith Snow told us something about Portugal and her experiences while she was visiting "the gateway of Europe." Truly, she is a charming ex-officio ambassador of America to Portugal. In the brief time allotted to her, she gave us a fleeting glimpse into the life, politics, literature and music of this hitherto little thought about country. I am sure that she stimulated a good deal of thought about Portugal in the minds of both faculty and students. It is certain that we would all welcome Mr. Snow back again for another lecture on Portugal or on some other European country she has visited. The assembly committee deserves a vote of thanks for presenting such a varied and timely program for our Friday assembly.

Sophomore Assembly

Last week, the Sophomore Class provided entertainment for the entire college. The class participated in a Minstrel Show. Specialty numbers included Mary Reeves, Barbara Tomolonius, Emmet Fink, and Bob O'Leary, endmen, who entertained with a variety of jokes, songs, and dances. Regina Labenski danced to "China Town;" June Scott rendered a violin solo of "Dixie;" Hester Hanley danced to "Sweet Sue." The chorus backed them up in such numbers as "Rolling Along," and "O, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

War songs, consisting of "The Caisson Song," the Air Corps, Navy, and Marine Hymns gave a patriotic touch to the program.

The assembly ended with the "School Song" sung by the students and faculty. Congratulations to the Sophs!

Robert Nathan: Prayer for Exiles

Almighty Spirit who has shaped our truth,
Within whose awful hand the sparrow rests,
Whose angels in the heavens of our youth
With holy mercy comforted our breasts,
Father and friend, whose voice melodious
Sang through the thunder in the cloudy dome,
Take to Your heart which weeps for all of us,
These children very small and far from home.
These are no soldiers weighted with a sword,
These are but babies fed with bitter bread;
Their only roof and dwelling is Your word,
Your love the only pillow for their head.
Watch over them and guard them all forlorn,
Far in the west amidst the alien corn.

Thanks to the Yanks

Recently we added a gold star to our service flag in honor of Bob Fox who gallantly gave up his dearest possession, his life. If Bob were still writing to us, he would say, as he always did, that nothing brings greater cheer or courage to a man in the service than a letter from home.

Yet, few of us are writing regularly to our boys in the service. Just put yourself in their position. You, too, would like mail from home. Why not be fair with them and write? Proof that they want you to write is contained in the following excerpts:

"It seems a long time since I have heard from the gang. How is everybody?"—Warren Hultquist.

"Gee, that was some volume that you wrote! I wish there were more of them. That's the kind of stuff I read over and over."—Dick Boulay.

"Give my regards to the kids and tell them to write."—Dick Beals.

"I haven't heard from—or—in some time. How about giving them a pep-talk?"—Al Barrios.

"I know several girls from Worcester who are nursing over here. Boy, it seems good to hear from home!"—Ed McGee.

"You can console those Freshman girls, that even though all the men are away from home, there isn't a sailor here who wouldn't give anything he owned to spend 24 hours at S.T.C. That included myself. . . . . What's new up there?" — George Laird.

We like you, too, George, and we'll write.

Since our paper is sent to all of our boys in the service, the faculty and students of S.T.C. send love and best wishes to you all, plus prayers for a speedy home coming.

Freshman Dance

The class of '47 contributed its initial offering to the social events of the school on February 12, when the Freshmen Dance was held on the college gymnasium. It was a festive affair with valentine decorations helping to transport the dancers to a dream world.

Dancers glided to the enchanting strains of Morty Gould and his orchestra. Refreshments consisted of punch and cookies.

Chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Riordan, faculty advisor of the class, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Farnsworth, Miss Dorothy Stafford, and Miss George Shaw.

Mary Cavanaugh was assisted by the following committee chairmen: decorations, Marion Russell; reception, Josephine Golinski; orchestra, Carolyn Carlson; chaperone, Barbara Brosnan; dance orders, E. Dorothy Smith; refreshments, Laura Jacobson.

Freshman Secrets

Congratulations, Freshmen! You certainly were on the beam in those exams, and now Mary Gagnon, Dot Willard, Phyllis Boerner, and those other girls who saw the morning clock strike four may retire in peace.

Now that life is back to normal, Kay O'Neil, Jeanne Gagnon, Carolyn Carlson, and Grace Keegan are burning the mid-night oil. They claim it is educational. We wonder.

We heard remarks that those Cross lads find Pat Doyle, Dot Smith, Mary Cavanaugh and Tillie Driscoll rather interesting, but on the other hand, Worcester lads can't compare with that handsome sailor of Anne McCarthy's from Washington, D.C., who had "My Ideal" composed just for her.

Now about the educational side—if you happen to see some of us out to lunch, figuratively speaking, in Dr. Farnsworth's class, we are thinking how romantic it must have been to live in the past centuries when men were men and women were sirens.

A Freshman Suggests

Greater support of social functions by upper classmen.

Greater choice for language study.

More frequent advice by instructors concerning marks of students.

More support of the W.A.A. and in all club activities.

Initiation of Freshmen their first week.

Use of college seals, emblems, and banners.

Social intercommunication — canteen idea—Holy Cross, Tech., etc.

Freshmen, Soph., Jr. and Senior Class Day.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

—Franklin

THE ACORN STAFF

Editors ..... Barbara A. Stewart
Associate Editors ..... Eleanor Looney, Mathilda Runstein, Barbara Cypher
Literary Editor ..... Florence Streeter
Club Editor ..... Mary McDonald
Art Editor ..... Betty Holm
Service Editor ..... Claire George
Exchange Editor ..... Betty Kennedy
Business Manager ..... Marie Kenary
Reporter ..... Barbara Conway, '46
Reporter ..... Eleanor Moosey, '46
Reporter ..... Ethelyn Maloney, '47
Reporter ..... Barbara Brosnan, '47
Advisor ..... Kathryn R. O'Donnell

Now that the Worcester School Committee has adopted the National Teacher Examinations as a partial basis for the selection of teachers for the public schools of the city, we may all take satisfaction in the fact that here at S.T.C. is an official examining center. For the past three years, under the direction of Dr. Averill as Examiner representing the American Council on Education, this service has been offered in Central Massachusetts. Boston, Pittsfield, and Springfield are the only other examining centers in the State.

The National Teacher Examinations comprise a battery of objective examinations for teaching candidates. Administered once a year, the tests cover: understanding and use of the English language, reasoning ability, general cultural information, understanding of points of view and methods of professional education, knowledge of contemporary affairs transpiring in the world, and mastery of the subject matter to be taught. These examinations have already been administered to approximately 15,000 teachers throughout the U.S. They will be given this year on March 17th and 18th.

S.T.C. students always rate well in the National Examination Programs, as witness their standing annually in the National Freshman Testing Program and in the National Sophomore Testing Program. Here is a chance for the Seniors to pereptuate a grand tradition! The best of good wishes to them as they tackle the National Teacher Examinations!

THE RENAISSANCE OF SCIENCE

If science expands during the post-war years at its present rate, there will be no dearth of able American recruits in this field. Popular interest in chemistry, astronomy, navigation, aeronautics, radio, bacteriology, meterology, and scores of other branches of science is much greater than at any previous time. Technical magazines have increased in circulation, and are giving more attention to items of scientific progress.

A significant indication of the trend among young people is the announcement regarding the Science Clubs of America, an organized group of boys and girls who wish to prepare for scientific careers. It has grown about three hundred precent in membership within a year. More than 2500 clubs are scattered throughout the United States, Canada, and our possessions.

Will the trend continue after the war, when the scientific subjects are not so closely related to gainful careers? The champions of classical and liberal education are not sure. This is a momentous question that must be decided when this world has regained its ability.

Propaganda

On the radio, in movies, books, newspapers,—everywhere we go we hear it, see it, yes, and fall for it, too. Strange, isn't it—that we who should know better, we who will later warn youth against its evils, should be the very ones who fail to recognize propaganda when it is with us.

We turn on a radio and what do we hear? A Russian statesman expounding the similarities in his interests and ours. Of course, there is no mention of the Finnish affair; that was too long ago—almost four years now.

So we turn the dial, only to hear a long jabbering in a supposedly foreign language, but which finally ends up with "Sold! American!". That's propaganda, too, yet our purchases keep it going.

Perhaps we like to go to the movies for recreation. With what are we entertained? Lately, all we've seen are very good films showing the evils of Hitlerism, Nipponism, but nothing about Anglicanism. No, Britain is on our side now. Incidentally, she has the best propaganda machinery in the world—but that's beside the point.

We decide to read a book or a newspaper. What happens? Same thing. Just a few days ago, for instance, we were horrified at the atrocious stories of Captain Dyess, who told of the Jap's treatment of prisoners. In fact, we were so horrified at the stories that the newspapers were glad to report a few days later that the sale of bonds had doubled. Granted, this was for a good cause, but not all propaganda results in the same way.

Yet, our reactions are the same. Why? Because we are a fast moving people; we are too easily convinced and take things as they seem to be, not as they really are. Instead of having "Stop—Look—and Listen" signs everywhere, it might be a good idea to have signs which read; "Look, Listen, Stop and Think."

William Allen White

William Allen White was first a successful man in his own home town, among those who saw him every day and knew him best. He once told a reporter, with real regret, that in his early days in Emporia he knew almost everyone he met on the street well enough to call him by his first name, but that the town had grown so he could not say this of much more than half the population, that is, six or seven thousand. But everyone in Emporia and literally millions outside of Emporia knew Will White.

He throve in the ordinary business way because he was a good manager. When he arrived in Emporia in 1895 he was $3,000 in debt and had $1.25 in cash. What he was worth in money when he died is of little consequence, except to prove that he did something which everyone who knows anything about small town newspapers will admit was a miracle.

What he was worth to Emporia, to Kansas, to the United States, and to us who thought of him as a friend has to be calculated in other terms. Will White made Emporia like himself. One could not think of either the man nor the town without thinking of the other. He made the State of Kansas a little like himself. His humorous, friendly personality and his mellowed wisdom spread to all parts of the country.

He had the courage to be inconsistent in many things, but he stuck to basic principles. He wanted to keep his town, his county, his State, his country going ahead toward a happier civilization, not in blind haste, but traveling all the time.

It was once said of Frank Frost: "His neighbors will mourn him long and not soon will they find someone to fill his place." The words are true of Will White, whose neighbors include you and me.

New Additions to Library

The Chemical Front, by Haynes.
Our Young Folks, by Fisher.
Egypt and the Suez Canal, by Roberts.
North Africa, by Brodrick.
Look at Africa, by Woolbert.
Psychology Through Literature, by Shrodes.
War Economics, by Backman.
The Native Peoples of New Guinea, by Stirling.
Secret History of the American Revolution, by Van Doren, C.
Mainsprings of World Politics, by Emeny.
The Peoples of the Soviet Union, by Hrdlicka.
Introducing Australia, by Grafton.
Writing History, by Kent.
Liberal Education, by Van Doren, M.
Islands and Peoples of the Indies, by Kennedy.
Weather Around the World, by Tannehill.
Teaching the Social Studies, by Wesley.
A History of American Economic Life, by Kirkland.
Historic Design for Modern Use, by Kerr.
Summary of the World's Federation Plan, by Culbertson.
Planning and Producing Posters, by DeLemos.

Many of the qualifications needed for successful teaching are those required for a successful career in any field. Such traits as adaptability, fairness, poise, good health, and sincerity are also necessary for success in the business world. There are, however, certain characteristics which seem peculiar to the teaching profession. In addition to at least a normal intelligence and satisfactory scholarship, a teacher should have better than average health, especially good eyes and feet, a voice which is not unpleasant, nerves under excellent control; a liking for analyzing situations, enjoyment of being with people, originality, ingenuity, natural efficiency, willingness to give time to details, and last, but not least, a liking for hard work and willingness to give gladly more time to school work than the school day provides.

The person who enters teaching possessed with most of these qualities may expect to be rewarded largely through the knowledge that she has given and guided human beings along lines which will help them live more fully and completely.

One characteristic that future teachers should cultivate is a sense of responsibility. I think this is a forgotten virtue. At least it seems such in these troublesome days when human life is held in such little respect. Look at our divorce courts; they record one divorce out of every six marriages. Young people evidently not realize the responsibilities which matrimony entails.

Wars are not caused or precipitated by one factor alone. There are many human, economic, and political failings which eventually end in war. One of these factors may well be the lack of responsibility.

Too many people are only too eager to assume responsibility without having a concept of what it is. Too many prospective teachers are taking on the responsibility of moulding fine characters without a full realization of the process of "turning out" these excellent characters.

Newman Club

At the February meeting of the Newman Club, Miss Foster, faculty advisor, reviewed the book, "What Other Answer," by Margaret Grant. At this meeting Miss Foster also showed two films on the Mas.

On February 18th, the club in conjunction with the Senior Class had a Mass said for Robert Fox, past president of the Senior Class, and a former member of the club, who was killed at the battle of Tarawa.

Tentative plans have been made for a regional conference to be held in the spring with the Newman Clubs of other State Teachers Colleges in Massachusetts.

Father Riley, club chaplain, will conduct a question period at the March meeting, and he will also discuss the use of the Missal at Mass.

On April 29th, the second dance with the members of the Tech Club will be held at the college.

"If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being."
—*Emerson*

"The Bible is literature, not dogma." *Santayana*

George Washington

Ed. note. (These are a few of the rules on courtesy that Washington gave to his army).

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.
3. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters be grave.
4. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.
5. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
6. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.
7. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.
8. Detract not from others; neither be excessive in commending.
9. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.
10. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.
11. Treat with men at fit times about business: and whisper not in the company of others.
12. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always.
13. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.
14. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.
15. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.
16. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

Debating Club

The Debating Club under the direction of Miss Banigan, opens its season of debate this month. A tentative schedule of debates has been arranged with various colleges both in Worcester and out of the city. Our team will debate these colleges on following dates:

March 2—Rhode Island State College, R. I.

March 9—Worcester Tech., Worcester, Mass.

March 16—Fitchburg Teachers College, Fitchburg, Mass.

March 23—Rhode Island College of Education, R. I.

April 13—Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Both faculty and students are invited to attend these debates and root for the team. Go to it, debaters, and good luck!

Dramatic Club

At the last meeting, members of the Dramatic Club read portions of "The Cherry Orchard," by Anton Chekhov. This drama is currently being produced on Broadway. Plans are now being made for readings of currently produced plays at future meetings.

Help Wanted

Wanted—tutor with experience in mathematics for one semester.—M. Runstein.

Wanted—one female student complete with muscles and enthusiasm to brighten the Senior Gym Class.

Wanted—several new and talented faces to lift the burden from Miss Banigan's over-worked assembly committee.

Wanted—bigger and better community sings with a "popular" song now and then.

Wanted—a first class reporter for the exclusive use of Dr. Beals and his avid curiosity about school affairs.

Wanted—a few not-so-good looking freshmen to cut down their overwhelming superiority in the beauty field.

Wanted—companionship, female or otherwise for the lonely Jr. Secondaries.

Wanted—a little peace and quiet. Flora and Fauna.

Wanted—a little better distribution of vim and vitality which seems to be concentrated in the class of '46.

Wanted—one "student."

JOSEPH W. RIORDAN

Lost and Found

Lost—in vicinity of Putnam and Thurston's, one copy of "Dashes of Lavender." Return to E. Fink, men's lounge.

Lost—one Grade A Economics Class complete with assorted questions. Finder return to Dr. Albert "lonely" Farnsworth.

Found—one broken-down alleged comedian answering to the name of Walter. Owner may have by paying for this ad.

Found—a lesson plan book with the months of November and January missing. Call for same at office of Miss Foster, (at your own risk).

Found—the inestimable blessing of being once more on the receiving end of the classroom. The Senior Secondaries.

Personals

Venise—come back. E. is frantic. All is forgiven.

Am leaving for Los Angeles, June 10, on extended vacation. Would love to give ride to service man. Call 3-5200 and ask for Kip.

Available—one high class song and dance act suitable for private parties. Call at girl's or boy's lounge, between 12:00—12:50 P.M.

FOR SALE

One used copy of "Techniques—New-Old." Cheap.—G. Maloney.

One souvenir of New York City and Grant's Tomb.—B. McCann.

Ticket to "Grandma's Recital"—half price.—V. Withstandley.

Extension Course in Shooting—One Thing or another.—M. Harrington.

Copy of "Advice on Taking Exams the First Year."—The Freshmen.

One sense of humor—slightly worn but still able to function—going out of business.—Pat.

"The truly great, the genuine, the sublime, wins its slow way in silence."

—*Faust*

W. A. A.

Time Marches On!

Christmas vacation is over with and now it is almost time for the spring recess. However, the weeks in between these two vacations have been mighty active for a good many students.

The Freshmen and the Sophomores, with a Junior and a Senior "thrown in," occasionally have been busily engaged in basketball games and practice. There have been games between the two Freshmen classes, between the Freshmen and the Sophs, and yes, even one between the Seniors and the Sophs.

Bowling is getting to be a favorite sport for some of the girls. The score sheets seem to have a lack of strikes and spares, but after all, we aren't trying to compete with the experts.

Did you ever see the gym so active as it has been lately? The buzzing is due to the ping-pong tournament. It has been rumored that some of the faculty members who eagerly signed up have been rather slow in challenging their competitors.

In case any of the students are interested in meeting some of their sister State Teacherites from Fitchburg, our chance will be March 3rd. A basketball game is to be played with them. After the game, there will be a social hour in the cafeteria. Don't forget that there is still time to sign up for swimming at the "Y." Come one, come all. There's enough water to drown all of you.

Tojo and His Fate

Tojo lived across the water
On some isles of little matter,
Scheming endlessly to see
When 'twere best to have a spree.

Soon he got his chance for action
On Pearl Harbor sent a mission,
Dumped his bombs without discretion
On that isle, a peaceful nation.

Surely little did he know
How his hatred, it would grow
In the hearts of all that day
Who in the churches knelt to pray.

Since that day he's wandered far,
Here to murder, there to scar,
All with ghastly grin of glee,
Sneaky, sleek, and all too free.

Soon his time howe'er will come
And his deeds, (a filthy sum)
Will be reckoned and repaid
By the enemies he's made.

Then voices pitiless will sound
Through the night, in endless round.
To wherever Tojo lies
On hill, on dale,
Neath threatening skies

AGNES ABRAMS

Literary Club

The Literary Club elected Kay O'Neill vice-president and Grace Keegan secretary at its last meeting. Books reviewed included; "Mr. and Mrs. North," by Frances and David Lockridge, reviewed by Ethel Durrie. Lorraine Dunn reported on "The Interpreter," by Philip Gibbs. A story about General MacArthur was reviewed by Patricia Doyle. Plans were made to attend the movie "Madame Curie."

From One Girl to Another

Thank Goodness! Exams are finally over for another little while. I can breathe a sigh of relief. I've made a resolution to study harder from heretoforth. I think my exams take just as much out of my family as they do me. Have you ever met a librarian who is more cooperative than Miss Fitch? She'd search from one end of the library to the other to help you secure what you want. Miss Banigan's assembly about Peace, certainly left us with something to think about, didn't it?

Do we have to remind you that we have the best food in Worcester at the cheapest prices? Thanks to the fine management of Miss Kittredge.

The poor sophomores have all the luck—imagine having to do two research papers in the same week. No wonder they're walking around with circles under their eyes. Honestly, Miss Stafford is certainly keeping the gym sizzling. You have to put your name on the reserve list just to use a paddle for five minutes.

Classmania

Question on examination: "Name three German cities recently bombed." Brilliant student: "German cities have been bombed, but the names haven't been revealed as yet."

A student was asked to choose a famous person and rate him concerning his asset characteristics. The student chose Roosevelt and placed all his characteristics under 100%. A voice from the rear answered, 'She must be a Democrat."

A few days before exams were to begin, one teacher noticed that four or five of the students were absent. She remarked it would be a pity if they were to get sick. A student replied, "It might be a blessing."

Smile and the World Smiles With You

WINIFRED RUSHFORD

SMILE! Be happy, cheerful, and gay! Lend your glad voices to the echoes of the corridor! As you walk down the halls of W.S.T.C. drag not your steps to a solemn dirge, but rather let your heels click to the rhythmic melody of "Mares Eat Oats."

Yes, it is those same old Mid-Year Blues that have you down. Your hearts are heavy; reports have been passed out. Your spirits are low. You had no man for the Freshman Dance. Besides this, you are just w-o-r-n out. Were you burning midnight oil?? And above all, the dark clouds of war have engulfed your school. Be not oblivious of this universal unhappiness, but even in darkness, let the light of merriment burn on.

Laughter is not rationed. Take advantage of this. Release your spirit from its prison of gloom. Set it free to laugh, to be gay, to enjoy, and to be proud of achievement. Come on, fellow students, take your places at the helm and weather your ships through the storm. You know the saying, "The Gremlins will get you if you don't watch out." You better dispel Gremlin Gloom.

Get "hep," colleagues, eat your vitamins, and pack up your troubles in your old school bag and smile, smile, SMILE!

Diary of Drusilla

Monday: Start week off wonderfully by missing busses. Frighten passengers on June St. trolley by muttering violently to myself. Notice at school my lunch is forgotten and, counting my pennies, remind myself dieting is good for one's health and appearance. Am having a perfectly wonderful reverie in composition class when teacher announces we are to write a theme. Spend remainder of day pondering on a subject and decide to follow friend's advice, to write, "It was too funny for words."

Tuesday: Spend lunch hour frantically scribbling suddenly inspired composition. Pass in, hopefully, my blotted paper. Oh well, Drusilla always did like E's. Remember suddenly in history class that next dance is less than a week away. Begin to take stock of available man-power, and come to the conclusion that resources are distressingly low,—but there's always Junior.

Wednesday: Am consumed with a dreadful thirst in the afternoon and stop in Easton's for a chocolate frappe. Am suddenly greeted by thrilling baritone voice and turn to face Keith Hunter, "homme-fatal" of our class in Junior High School, home on leave. Am visioning myself dancing with this sun-tanned, six-foot sailor, when the baritone voice asks what I am doing now. Reply that I attend W. S. T. C. and have all my hopes for the dance dashed as my dream man, after exclaiming, "You're not going to be a teacher!" hastily excuses himself.

Thursday: Decide to really study for once and settle myself in a comfortable chair with history book, whereupon the phone rings. Hubert wonders if I would like to see "Madame Curie." Remember vaguely a notice on the bulletin board about its being a good picture for French students to see. It will probably be useful to me in Physics my Soph. year (or is it Chemistry?). Off to the movies goes Drusilla.

Friday: Try to hide behind other students all day, but am finally caught in history class. To Dr. Farnsworth's question, "Who was Philip the Handsome?", venture hopefully, "Walter Pidgeon?". Am informed by teacher that I was out to lunch and should be paying attention. Resolve never to go see "Madame Curie" again, when I should be studying history, no matter how Hubert begs, pleads, or threatens.

Firsts at S. T. C.

First song: "Mares Eat Oats"
First in clothes: Sweaters
First in comics: Dick Tracy
First in studies: lunch
First in recreation: worthy use of leisure time
First in books: Tests and Measurements
First in aim: men

Second song: Shoo-Shoo-Baby
Second in clothes: dickies
Second in comics: Smilin Jack
Second in studies: free 6th hours
Second in recreation: bridge
Second in books: Principles and Methods of teaching
Second in aim: men

Last in aim: men

Geography Club

The Geography Club has begun another year under the guidance of Miss Veva K. Dean. Our present officers are: president, Agnes Abram; vice-president, Alice Syverson; secretary, Ruth Tucker.

During the first meeting, the Constitution was read for the purpose of refreshing the minds of the older members and initiating the minds of the new members.

At the second meeting the members held a contest in place geography. Upon request of the members of the club, Miss Dean delivered an impromptu talk on her collection of fluorescent rocks.

Miss Margaret Halley gave an interesting talk concerning the trip she recently made to the Babson Institute.

Plans for the future include preparations for an Assembly Program on Pan American Day, a visit to the geography department at Clark University, and reviews of current events.

B & G Committee Reports

A glance about the halls of S.T.C. reveals the efforts which the Building and Grounds Committee have been making. Faithful attendance among the members has proved the theory that "in union there is strength." These members are: faculty members, Miss Shaw, Miss Barlow, Miss McKelligett, Dr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Riordan; student members are, Vincent Howe and George Maloney of the senior class, Celestine Terroy and Maurene Cove of the junior class, June Scott and Winifred Rushford of the Sophomore class, and Ann McKeon and Virginia McDonald of the freshman class. The improvements which have been made and are about to be made are: maintenance of the bulletin board, changing of the draperies in the cafeteria, and a new set of metal signs to show directions about the building.

The committee is planning an assembly to explain to the school its organization and aims to make our school a more beautiful and comfortable place in which to live and study.

Latin Club

The January meeting of the Latin Club was called to order by Florence Krajewski.

To express their gratitude for his able, considerate guidance, the Latin Club presented to Mr. Jones, faculty adviser, a pair of book-ends. Two new books, one about music and one about current affairs, were contributed to Mr. Jones' library.

Communication

Words can tell ideas
But feelings have no way to be expressed
Except in tears or laughter, or perhaps in kisses;
No one can speak and tell his joy or sorrow,
Or his love,
Nor write it down.

Words are just words
Unless both speaker and the listener
Can feel them in their hearts.
And then the words are not needed—
Only smiles or tears.

ELSIE HIGGINS

Fighting Quotes

"You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward.

—Harper's

"The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not."

—Bernard Shaw

"They shall not pass."

—Petain

"We shall fight on the beaches, on the landing grounds, on the fields, in the streets, and in the hills; we shall never surrender."

—Churchill

"The way to love anything is to realize it might be lost."

—G. K. Chesterton

"Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have."

—Harry E. Fosdick

"Tradition does not mean that the living are dead but that the dead are alive."

—G. K. Chesterton

"There are in the world two powers —the sword and the spirit. The spirit has always vanquished the sword."

—Napoleon

"Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them."

—La Rochefoucauld

"A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on them."

—Dean Inge

"Anger is a wind which blows out the lamp of the mind."

—Robert Ingersoll

"We must beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician, or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward, and thrift no privileges."

—Churchill

"I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education."

—Wilson Mizner

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."

—Thoreau

"Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it."

—Elbert Hubbard

"The optimist is as often wrong as the pessimist, but he is far happier."

"We can always live on less when we have more to live for."

—S. S. McKenney

Cafeteria Suggestion

Please cooperate with the cafeteria by:

1. Selecting and carrying your own luncheon so that we may count customers correctly to receive proper number of ration points. This will aid the cashier greatly.
2. Starting at the correct end of the line to purchase your luncheon thus avoiding confusion for the cashier.
3. Thank you!

BUY WAR BONDS

AND STAMPS

FOR VICTORY

Ode to Ten Americans

Ten members of America, land of Liberty,
Run back and forth on Raspberry Street,
Shouting and playing, sweating in heat,
Cursing shrilly above the clatter of the
textile mill.

Kind Americans
Haters of cruelty and oppression,
Make a home for the refugee child,
War is hell . . . on children.

Running noses, knees scabbed with dirt,
City-filthied faces, fluttering rags,
Pinned and hitched in most unusual fashions,
Trying hard to cover what society demands.
Sucking dirty fingers, running through
hordes of flies,
Shouting with shrill gutter voices,
Hoarsened by smoke from the mills,
And city air tasting of soot and smell
of sewers,
Tripping and sprawling, sex filled minds,
Picking over trash barrels,
Climbing fire escapes.

Exercise is good for boys and girls.

Ten sweating, smelling bodies,
Protruding ribs under dirty clothes,
Go home at night to eat . . . and sleep.

All animals must eat and sleep.

Eat cheap sardines, packed in oil,
A large Bermuda onion or a green pepper,
Dipping bread in oil . . . "The finest Cotton-
seed oil,"
Wolfing it down . . . Looking for more.
Tired bodies with bellies half filled
Slide into bed
Street clothes for pajamas.
Lay tossing, rolling, heaving
Breathing the breath of bed-fellows.
Fought by an army of biting nerves
Fed on pale blood.
. . . Finally sleep.
Ten members of humanity,
Land of opportunity,
Land of Democracy.

ELSIE HIGGINS

On the Road to Mandalay

As Stevenson and others have well written, the South Pacific is like a world apart. There is discomfort, death, monotony, privation, and the curse of Adam in general. It is a lonely clime though the sun is ever shining. Oftentimes it is too bright and glaring for the white man. The "Blue Pacific" describes it well. From the first streaks of dawn until sundown the sky, the sea, and the light fluffy clouds themselves are an eternal blue.

It is a cursed world, yet very beautiful and entrancing. The sunsets are beyond both description and exaggeration. The mountains lift themselves out of the sea and throw their peaks into the sky, as no doubt happened during the course of their evolution. It is not a home or a place of rest, for the delicate feminine sky is ever beckoning, ever calling to make one restless and dreamy. You notice the small jewel-like islands far out to sea and you cannot resist the call of them. The scintillating beauty of emerald green and blue waters that surround them are lovely to behold. In the distance, the sands that encircle these islands are almost chalk-white. They complete these jewels of nature. As the waves run lazily along the shore, first rising and then receding, one sees the palms wafting beneath the lull of the trade winds, and the flash of dark and purple waters midst the green. One also feels that death is there: it is never absent in this land of pulsing life. There are man-eaters in the water and danger in the sun itself. The vast circumference of this blue is compelling, and tends to dwarf a person. It makes one feel very small and sometimes, lost. Adventure is in the air and has led many on a boundless cruise in search of the unknown. It is a vacation land as well as an adventurous paradise.

The deadly Anopheles is found in the jungles and swamps. This is the malaria carrier. There is also Denque, Black Water Fever, and death and illness from many other sources. The romances written about this part of the world are certainly sound in foundation, though they may only be fiction.

Deep in the cool, green pools, amid the many colored coral formations, swim the graceful, brightly painted tropical fish. One may compare them with the double rainbow above them. Although the subject has been touched upon lightly and amateurishly, this is the real tropics.

(Written by a correspondent to our paper from New Guinea.)

Boners

She: "Kiss me once more like that and I'm yours for life."

GI: "Thanks for the warning."

"We would never do for infantrymen," commented J. B. Priestly, registering with other 47-year-olds for national service, "but if you armor-plated some of us we might do as tanks."

The Lord gave us two ends to use;
One to think with and one to sit with.
The war depends on which we choose;
Heads we win, tails we lose!

Pvt.: "What kind of pie is this?"
Corp.: "What does it taste like?"
Pvt.: "Glue."
Corp.: "Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap."

Samuel F. B. Morse, who was an eminent painter before he invented telegraphy, once asked a physician friend to look at his painting of a man in death agony. "Well," Morse inquired after the doctor had scrutinized it carefully, "what is your opinion?" "Malaria," said the doctor.

A Draft Board official in Texas was asked: "What do you think of our chances of getting into the war?" "I can assure you," he answered, "if the United States gets into the war, Texas will get into it too."

Mothers who raise
A child by the book
Can, if sufficiently vexed,
Hasten results
By applying the book
As well as applying the text.

A restaurant and bar in Tampa is plugging a drink called Slapajap. When you order one, the barkeep pours colorless liquids from four bottles, adds ice, and shakes wildly. You put down two bits, get your drink—and a 25-cent war stamp. When you've tossed off the Slapajap you realize you've had a nice long drink of water. But you have the stamp.

In Louisville, Mayor Wilson Wyatt made an electrically transcribed speech, played the record back to himself to hear how it sounded, and fell asleep before the finish.

A Sergeant, ever-mindful of the censor, stopped in the middle of a letter to his wife to interpolate: "Lieut. Leslie, this is my wife. Honey, this is Lieut. Leslie, the censor." As an afterthought he added, "Crowded, isn't it?"

An Atlanta woman, riding home on a bus, suddenly realized she had left a "piggy bank" at the post office while mailing letters. She hurried back and found the bank on the counter, but noticed it had become heavier. Generous Atlantans, thinking it was there for aiding some worthy cause, had put coins into it.

A shoe manufacturer of Wakefield, Mass., reported that a seven-year-old boy applied for a job, explaining that he needed money to put his mother through welding school.

A Good Teacher Is

Adaptable to people,
Generous of energy,
Open-minded towards changes,
Original in ideas,
Devoted to work,
Tactful towards all,
Enthusiastic in class room,
Analytical of situations,
Cheerful in outlook,
Healthy in body,
Efficient in details,
Reliable and Resourceful at all times.

Think This Over

(Continued from Page 1)

it was like being doused with ice water. I moved the boy into our boat for two nights and cuddled him like a mother would a child, trying to give him the warmth of my body . . . "

Do you know someone who is angry because he had to sell that tire to the government? Read this: "I couldn't help but think that the rubber in an old tire was sufficient to make two or three of the rafts we were in. One of these rafts might, as in our case, save the lives of seven men . . . "

Does life seem a little drab at home? Read this: "At Guadalcanal I found a hellhole of mud and corruption. Besides the Japs, our boys are fighting malaria constantly. If it wasn't for the stimulus of success in combat, they could not possibly last physically or mentally very long. If only our people could know what our boys are doing for us . . . "

Out of the ordeal of 21 terrible days of hunger and thirst and cold and sleeplessness, there has come a story to stir the heart of every American, to shame him out of petty grumbling—to move him to a higher dedication in the fight for freedom.

Capt. Rickenbacker has said: "I hope the hardships we endured may be a stimulus to the people back home to drive them on to a greater peak, because, without THEIR effort, our boys can't do the job they are so willing to do, in the four corners of the world." Think this over!

On March 10th, Mr. Charles A. Dubois, principal of the Lyman School, spoke to the student body on the subject of "Prevention of Delinquency". Mr. Dubois said that one of the main duties of a teacher was to secure and to use all possible teaching materials that made for a realization of social values. He classified the social values in the following manner: security, health, productiveness, social justice, beauty, religiousness, sanctity of family life, fellowship, and knowledge. The teacher is, next to the home, more intimate and closely connected with the child than anyone else, and it is her duty to instill into the child the social values. The teacher can aid in this problem of child delinquency by detecting the problems that confront the child, helping the child in all possible ways to overcome his present situation and doing all that she can to prevent a recurrence of the problem once it has been corrected.

"The Great walks with the Small without fear. The Middling keep aloof."

—Rabindranath Tagore

WELCOME ALUMNI

Save, Serve, Give!
Make Democracy Live!
Buy War Stamps!

The Acorn

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of the Axis!
Bonds Buy Weapons!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

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Annual Scholarship Tea To Be Held May 13th in College Gym

Madame Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller, One of America's Most Glamorous Personalities, Will be Our Guest Speaker of the Afternoon

Once again everybody at the College is looking forward to our annual Scholarship Tea, which will take place on Saturday afternoon, May 13th, from 3:00 to 5.00, in the College Gymnasium. Through the funds raised at these annual affairs, it is possible to maintain four Freshmen scholarships of $75.00 each. We are trying to build up a sizable fund with which to support these four scholarships through the years and to add others as the money received may warrant. During the past two years in which the Scholarship Tea has been held, it has been warmly supported by our alumnae, our students and faculty, and by a large number of friends and well-wishers in the community.

Holders of the four freshmen scholarships for the present academic year are: Carol K. Ericson (The Nancy Burncoat Scholarship); Dorothy M. Willard (The William B. Aspinwall Scholarship); E. Doris Skrivars (The Esther Forbes Scholarship); and Marie Daley (The M. Harriet Bishop Scholarship). On May 26th, the Faculty Committee on Scholarships will interview the new candidates for these scholarships for the next academic year. Aspirants for these honors must be certified by their high school principals and stand in the upper 10% of their classes.

We have had some very generous three-figure gifts in past years to swell the Scholarship Fund, as well as innumerable smaller donations. Most electrifying of all was that of Miss Esther Forbes who, after being awarded the Pulitzer Prize in History for her "Paul Revere and The World He Lived In", turned over the entire check of five hundred dollars to the Scholarship Fund, thus making a long line of future holders of the Esther Forbes Scholarship at the College her eternal debtors.

This year, we are fortunate in being able to present as our celebrity of the day Madame Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller, one of America's most glamorous personalities. World traveler, world citizen, lover of France and of Poland, long resident in St. Cloud, France, she has been called the most successful ambassador-without-portfolio our country has ever produced. Madame Bates-Batcheller is a descendant of one of Massachusetts' old and distinguished families, and her career has led her from her native North Brookfield to the courts and palaces of the great of the earth. An exceptionally beautiful singer and a talented writer, she has been decorated by the rulers of a score of foreign countries in recognition of her versatility and in appreciation of her literary and artistic contributions. At the Tea, she will speak about her escape from France after the German occupation and will account some of the thrilling events preceding and following this highly dramatic episode in her life. One of her two latest books, published this winter, "The Soul of A Queen" tells the vivid story of the beautiful Polish queen, Marie de Gonzague. The other, "France in Sunlight and Shadow", published this week, is an autobiographical study of her life in France. Madame Bates-Batcheller is a most absorbingly interesting speaker, and it is expected that several hundred guests will crowd our gymnasium to hear her. Beautiful and appropriate decorations are being prepared for the occasion.

Pass the word along, alumnae! Subscription is fifty cents; tickets may be ordered in advance from Mr. Francis L. Jones, of the faculty, or may be obtained at the door on May 13th.

It is hoped that all four of our friends for whom the four freshmen scholarships are named will be present: Dr. Aspinwall, Miss Bishop, Nancy Burncoat (Marion Emerson), and Miss Esther Forbes. Miss Bishop, our beloved former director of apprentices, has promised to be with us and to be one of the pourers.

Program

City Greetings from Mayor Bennett.
Review of book, "Soul of A Queen", by Mrs. Margaret Getchell Parsons.
Informal Address by Madame Bates-Batcheller.
Remarks by President Clinton E. Carpenter.
Music during refreshments by College Orchestra.
Decoration Committee Chairman: Miss Shaw.
Refreshment Committee Chairman: Miss McKelligett.
Chairman of Ushers: Miss Banigan.
Chairman of Aides: Dr. Averill.
Chairman of Music: Mrs. Reid.
Costume Committee Chairman: Miss Stafford.
Promotion Committee Chairman: Miss Barlow.
Sign Committee Chairman: Miss West.
Chairman of Tickets: Mr. Jones.

Alumni in the Services

Waves

Miss Elizabeth M. Austikolins, '32, Worcester; Miss Gertrude Sullivan, '35, Worcester; Miss Jeanne N. Boyden, '43, Worcester; Miss Mary Masoomian, '34, Worcester; Miss Lillian E. Sundeen, '32, Worcester; Miss Ruth A. Dinsmore, '40, Framingham; Miss Aileen Crittsinger, '38, Worcester; Miss Mary E. Mahoney, '35, Worcester; Miss Helen S. Whittet, '36, Wakefield; Miss Mary E. Sullivan, '34, Worcester.

Wacs

Miss Ellen S. Lovell, '40, West Boylston; Miss Mary O. Prescott, '38, Auburn.

Marines

Miss Jean Campbell, '43, Worcester.

Thanks to the Yanks

We are very pleased to report that our one and only Henry sends his love to all the girls at S.T.C. He can rest assured that it is not sent in vain!

"This camp that I am at is only a few minutes' ride by bus from a large city. The camp is situated on a hill, so we have a swell view of the city which is also very hilly. I am going into the city this afternoon on a pass, so I'll find out its good points." JOHN MELIA

We hope that John will find that the city has many good points, at least as many as there are hills. John also said that to get to his camp he passes through Dr. Shaw's home state, Iowa, and that he found out what Dr. Shaw meant by a corny state. We miss you, too, John!

"I was transferred to the M. P. platoon which is a swell break in my opinion. I had just about resigned myself to the infantry life, so naturally my transfer was a gift from heaven. Only a few of us had the opportunity. Our training here is the same as in the infantry but does not have so many hikes." LEO SULLIVAN

We are glad to find that you are pleased, Leo.

"The kids' mail has finally caught up with us after getting about three letters in the last month and a half, but as the poem says:

On a Southwest Pacific island
Where the mail is always late,
And a Christmas card in April
Is considered up to date.

Who cares??? Me and fifty thousand other guys!" DICK BOULAY

Well, kids, can we take a hint?

"Speaking of scrap, you'd never realize what a waste of material war is until you actually get to see it. . . . There's enough aluminum in wrecked German planes to make pots and pans for the whole city of Worcester . . . but the parts are handy to make stoves, ash trays, and souvenirs with, so I'm not complaining." FRED KELLY

Fred and his buddies have learned to make the most of what they have. Can we?

After the disconcerting news that Ed McGee was missing in action, we were all very much relieved to learn that he is a German prisoner. We sincerely hope and pray that Ed will carry on with the courage and faith that we know is his.

Pres. Carpenter Sends Welcome To STC Alumni

I am very happy to extend greetings to the graduates of the Normal School and State Teachers College at Worcester. My fifth year at the school is a busy and pleasant one. The war finds our boys scattered to the many corners of the globe and several of our women graduates participating in the various national services.

Because the majority of our student body consists of women, our enrollment has not been affected so much as has that of many colleges. The decrease in enrollment in teachers colleges belonging to the American Association of Teachers Colleges for the year ending June, 1943, was thirty-two per cent. The decrease in the four teachers colleges in Massachusetts belonging to the association for the same period was 7.8 per cent. The State Teachers College at Worcester was the first one of the four Massachusetts schools to be accredited and therefore is included in these four.

We always look forward to seeing many of you will also come to our annual Scholarship Tea which is being held on May 13th, at the college. We are always glad to see any of you on both special and regular days.

Many of the two and three years graduates are taking work in the late afternoon and evening courses at the college, to complete requirements for their degree. We shall offer courses during July and again in the Fall.

We enjoy the memorial organ every day. The two scholarships furnished annually by the alumni are making it possible for a girl from South High and another in our senior class to continue their work.

While we know that travel is difficult in these times, and that we are busier than usual, we are always glad to have you come to any or all of our events. You are always welcome!

The worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself the price goes up.

Sophomore May Dance

To Be Held

May 13th

We Hope to See You All There!

Music Will Be Furnished by

El Mellom

THE QUEEN?

Well, Come and See!

Glee Club Ends Season With Its Annual Concert

The Glee Club will close its season with its annual concert which will take place May 4th at 8:00 P.M., in the school auditorium. Variety is the keynote of the concert this year, the selections ranging from the vivid fantasy "The Chocolate Prince" to the solemn "The Lord's Prayer." An unusual selection will be the canon, "Summer Is A-Coming In," which is the oldest extant manuscript in any country.

The guest artist will be Mr. Edmond Boucher, bass. He is well known in Boston music schools and churches and has appeared in numerous radio concerts. He has recently appeared at the Music Lovers Concert in Boston. Mrs. Allegrine Guez Reid, director of the Glee Club, will be Mr. Boucher's accompanist.

The program will be as follows:

Summer Is A-Coming In
13th century round
Twenty Eighteen English Folksong,
arranged by Deems Taylor
The Lord's Prayer *Malotte-Deis*
Joseph Wagner

Glee Club

Le Cor *Flegier*
L'Adieu du Matin *Pesard*
Les Deux Grenadiers *Schumann*

Edmond Boucher

Intermission

The Sergeant *Hardy-Holst*
The Connemara Shores *Fisher*
The Pilgrims Song
Tolstoi-Tschaikowsky

Edmond Boucher

Quiet *Sanderson*
O God of Love, O God of Peace
Baker
Morning *Speaks-Deis*

Glee Club

The Alumni and the public are cordially invited to attend.

The retiring officers of the club are: President, Barbara Cypher; vice-president, Ruth Tucker; treasurer, Betty Kennedy; secretary, Ruth Connolly; librarians, Mary Cavanaugh and Eleanor Moosey.

The members include: First sopranos: Jeanne Gagnon, Virginia McGinn, Lydia Johnson, Ruth Tucker, Barbara Straw, Eleanor Moosey, Eleanor Wentworth, Barbara Conway, Laura Jacobson, Carolyn Carlson, Margaret Barsam, and Doris Skrivars. Second sopranos: Marion Russell, Dorothy E. Smith, Florence Streeter, Barbara Brosnan, Dorothy Smith, Catherine O'Neil, Virginia McDonald, Geraldine Kane, June Scott, Ethel Durrie, and Mary Cavanaugh. Altos: Dorothy Willard, Mary Gagnon, Barbara Nichols, Patricia Doyle, Ann McKeon, Ruth Connolly, Carol Ericson, Mary Bryson, Jean Rupp, Claire George, Betty Holm, Barbara Cypher, Marion Harrington, and Agnes Abram.

THE ACORN STAFF

Editor ..... Barbara A. Stewart
Associate Editors ..... Matilda Runstein, Barbara Cypher, Eleanor Looney
Literary Editor ..... Florence Streeter
Club Editor ..... Mary McDonald
Service Editor ..... Claire George
Art Editor ..... Betty Holm
Exchange Editor ..... Betty Kennedy
Business Manager ..... Marie Kenary
Reporter ..... Barbara Conway, '46
Reporter ..... Eleanor Moosey, '46
Reporter ..... Barbara Brosnan, '47
Reporter ..... Laura Jacobson, '47
Advisor ..... Kathryn R. O'Donnell

The Prince of the Church, William Cardinal O'Connell

A born Cardinal, His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell died in his beloved Boston at the golden age of eighty-four. He had been a Prince of the church for thirty-three years, receiving his red hat November, 1911, from Pope Pius X.

His father was a Lowell millhand, who passed away when his children were young. His good Irish mother exerted a powerful yet gentle religious influence upon the O'Connell children. With such a background, it was inevitable that the young man should enter a religious school. He later attended St. Charles' College in Maryland. However, his career was interrupted by a serious breakdown. After several months of rest at his home, he entered Boston College, and it was here that the Cardinal made his final irrevocable decision to enter the priesthood. When His Eminence was graduated, he obtained permission from Archbishop Williams to pursue his priestly studies in Rome. He sailed for Rome in September, 1881. Here he launched himself into his studies with new vigor. He received many honors among which are his well known compositions which were later sung at ordinations of priests. He was consecrated Bishop of Portland, then Archbishop, and as a fitting and worthy climax, Cardinal.

In Memoriam

". . . whose life was consecrated to righteousness, whose deeds were dedicated to the good of all humankind, whose death brings a loss which our entire state suffers."

An Answer

EILEEN O'LEARY, '47

"A teacher? Why in the world do you want to become a teacher?", queried a former classmate of mine, after I had told her of my plans for the future.

It may seem strange, but at the time I could not fully answer that question, so I laughingly brushed it aside with a few joking words and quickly changed the subject. But it alarmed me to realize that I was walking into what supposedly was to be my life's work without knowing why.

Why do I want to become a teacher, anyway? That question, which strangely enough had never bothered me before, haunted me continually for the next few days and nights.

Of course, there was the practical side of the question which assured me that teaching was as pleasant a way to earn a living as any other.

This was all well and good, but it did not satisfy me. Did teachers only become teachers to earn a living? I hoped not. I hoped they felt themselves to be a very necessary part of the community and looked upon themselves as torchbearers, bearing the torch of truth, righteousness, and education.

I, too, wanted to be a torchbearer. I, too, wanted to be responsible in part, for the goodness and truthfulness of young citizens. I wanted to be able to help children to become good, clear thinking, God-fearing Americans.

I am very grateful to the friend who disgustedly asked, "Why do you want to be a teacher?", for she made me think about the subject and find a suitable answer.

Maze Learning

Spring is here! There is a mad race for time at S.T.C.—term papers are due; units are due; the Dramatic Club Players are competing with the Glee Club Singers for the use of the auditorium; the Scholarship Tea is just around the corner; and frantic superintendents are interviewing fagged-out seniors. Everyone has a great deal to do, very little time in which to do it, and no energy left with which to do it! Yes, spring is truly here.

For underclassmen, this spring is a sign that vacation is very near; but for the seniors, it means that their college life is almost at its end. No more will they have instructors and classmates to guide them when in doubt; no more will they have opportunities galore placed before them each day. After graduation they will be on their own.

As each senior receives a diploma, he or she will be confronted with a maze, or life pattern. Each graduate will have been placed at the starting point, good training; each will have determined a desired goal, success in the field chosen; and each will have his or her own way of reaching that goal.

Each maze will have paths of joy and satisfaction; but each will also have blind alleys leading to disappointment. Some will learn to avoid these, some will be fooled by them, and others will be able to speed along to success quickly. But all must learn their own pattern.

We underclassmen sincerely hope that the next spring will be brightened by the news that all the graduates of 1944 have found the right path to success!

It's Here Again In All Its Glory

It's here again! You know that season when all young men's fancies turn to the thoughts that the girls have had all winter. But this year this flippant expression hits a sore spot with many girls. This is a year when too many men have been too far away to have enjoyed any winter and who will never enjoy a spring.

The war is bitter for us, but the aftermath will be even more bitter. We don't like to think of it, but there are many men who will not be returning. There are many women who will be denied a normal life because of the fate of these men. Just as the girls of the last war had a problem, we girls of this war have a problem.

Our parents and educators are trying to solve this problem for us. But they aren't going to succeed unless they have our co-operation. We girls did not realize the conditions of the '20's unless we have read Dos Passos or "Studs Lonergan"; but if we don't realize the existence of this problem, we shall find ourselves in the midst of a similar surrounding. Once we have recognized the existence, we have overcome half of the consequences. We shall no doubt be told to find things to amuse us, to make friends, to develop hobbies, etc. But that's what they told the other girls. What we have to do now is a personal problem.

Are we going to permit ourselves to be compromisers, are we going to develop inferiority complexes, or are we going to look ahead and see the possible joy and humor in premeditated survival? It will be survival, survival of the fine, good, valuable qualities of character. Let us not give to the next generation a memory of weakness on the part of their elders.

Our Hit Parade

At the beginning of the semester, Mrs. Reid mentioned the fact that she did not care for any of the several words which have been written to the tune of Londonderry Air, which is an example of perfectly constructed melody.

Miss Carol Ericson, '47, submitted the following words which the school has accepted wholeheartedly. They have timeliness as well as beauty. Here they are:

Prayer of Youth

O give us faith and gird our souls with courage,
Teach us thy truth that freedom we may know.
We are but youth who must face death and danger,
O Lord, be near us wheresoe'er we go.
Our country calls! We serve her with devotion
On land and sea and in thy starry sky,
That some day peace and love may light this darkness,
And all mankind may lift to Thee the victor's cry.

It takes two to make a marriage —a single girl and an anxious mother.

Highlights of the New York Trip

BY MARGARET HALLEY

You haven't heard about the New York trip? Well, gather around and listen to the story.

We began the four exciting days on Sunday, March 26th. That's right, the morning after the dance for the naval units. No, we weren't too wide awake; we were excited, though. The drive to the "big city" was uneventful for an old hand at the trip, but for one who had never been west of the Connecticut River, it was an experience in itself.

Did we rest up from the drive Sunday night? Why, that drive was the longest time we remained still until the return trip!

Maybe I'd better give you a running description of the things we did —and did we run! That first night, besides the Fred Allen broadcast, we were shown around New York. We never asked, but we strongly suspected it was the state, not the city. My poor number 18 coupon!

It seemed only about ten minutes after our neatly "put-up" hair was laid on the pillow that it was time to get up again. It was another day and we were off again, this time to Radio City Music Hall. The inside of the Hall was one of the most breath-taking sights we saw. In the balconies above and below us, the people seemed as small as the Seven Dwarfs. The movie starred Dannie Kaye, and the stage show was living magazine covers. After lunch—we always found time to eat and we were so constantly hungry that Miss Foster began to worry—we took the tour of the broadcasting studios. The ways of making sound effects were interesting, and so was the young naval officer who toured with us.

Tired then? Why, my dear, the day was just beginning. We still had shopping to do, dinner to eat, and Fred Waring to hear, "Mexican Hayride" to see, and a midnight snack to eat. We found Fred Waring's after-broadcast loads of fun. "Mexican Hayride" was a riot of pink and purple, rapidly moving dialogue, and good music. Among the songs was "I Love You". (sigh!)

Tuesday afternoon the conference began, so we crowded a great deal into the morning. It was the shopping trip that brought the K-rations to H's and H's home. During this shopping trip we had a most wonderful chicken dinner.

The Tuesday afternoon conference was made up of Student Panels. Miss Harrington of our own S.T.C. was the most quoted student speaker Tuesday evening. Her speech on Student Morale really attacked the problem where it starts—in the secondary schools. She made it quite clear to her audience what the teacher's part was in the solution of this problem.

Our conference notes neatly tucked into our hand bags, we set forth once more. This time to the Statue of Liberty, dinner in the Century Room—music by Vaughn Monroe, and "Winged Victory". The Statue of Liberty seems to mean a great deal these days even to those who ride over on the nine o'clock and back on the five o'clock ferry.

Debating Club Deserves Medal

If at the end of this year, awards were presented to the various organizations supported by our student body our candidate for an "Oscar" would be that "mighty mite", the Debating Club. It is, for its size, the most active club in the school. The support given it, on the other hand, by both students and faculty is the least given to any organization performing publicly. Most of us do not realize exactly what kind of a job the Debating Club is doing for the school as a whole. This year, for example, it can boast of only seven members—three of them Freshmen. It receives no appropriation from school funds as do the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club which are responsible for our other other public performances. It has only one regularly scheduled meeting day a month and that at the same time as five other groups. In spite of all these facts, the club this year carried on a program fully as heavy and as successful as that of many schools three times the size of ours. This program has extended over a period of several months. The members have actively participated in public demonstrations many times. In the season we have established contact with such colleges as Holy Cross, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Rhode Island College of Education, Fitchburg State Teacher's College and Salem State Teacher's College. These institutions we could never compete with in the field of athletics, but debating is a common ground. In choosing judges it has brought to the school many prominent Worcester people who have no other means of knowing us. In our radio discussions it has represented the school to the listening audience in Worcester County. It has provided invaluable experience in speech, poise, and control for its members. Therefore, we nominate for "best of the year" Miss Banigan and the Debating Club.

ELEANOR LOONEY, '44

Wednesday brought the Student-Teacher panel, the luncheon with Imere Kovacs as speaker, and the return drive. The student speakers were more timid on Wednesday, but the teachers, who were mostly from Columbia Teachers College, were fascinating and definite. Each discussed his own field thoroughly. The fields covered the arts, English, and mathematics. After the speakers finished, the discussions were lively, and the several presidents seemed to have curricula problems that had been bothering them settled.

Imere Kovacs is a Hungarian-born minister. He pointed out some of the ways in which America was different from his homeland. His examples were strong enough to leave no room for doubt that we should be thankful that we were born Americans.

Your student delegates were on the brink of looking for jobs so we could remain in New York, but because it would be some years before we could maintain ourselves at the Commodore, we decided to return to the fold.

Did You Know That:

Margaret Barsam had a most interesting interview with Nelson Eddy after his concert? Some of us have heard how charming he was to to one of his S.T.C. admirers!

Esther Lipnick, '43, the author of the playlet "Paul Revere," which was presented at the Scholarship Tea last year by the Dramatic Club, has had her brain child published? Congratulations!

Eugenia Richards, '40, who had a leading role in the oldest passion play in America, "Pilate's Daughter", was praised highly by Boston critics for her "flawless performance"? We're proud of you, Jeanie!

Esther Matthews, teacher at Holden High School, was admitted to the honor society at Harvard as a result of her excellent graduate work?

Aldonna Lapinskas, '43, is enjoying her teaching in the Japanese War Evacuation Center in Poston, Arizona, high school?

Edmond Boucher, well known bass soloist of Boston music circles, is to be our guest artist at our Glee Club Concert, May 4th?

The Glee Club members are sporting G Clefs as lapel pins?

Freshmen and Sophomore Art Activities are helping with the interesting Polish motifs for the Scholarship Tea decorations?

Mr. Boutwell and his staff are doing all the landscape gardening on our grounds?

Stone steps are in process of being laid to the tennis court and the entrance to the Alumni lane, upon which land, trees commemorating all the classes both of the Normal School and S.T.C. will be planted in the near future? This delightful setting-to-be will serve as the scene for future Class Day programs and class gatherings and reunions.

We really do like to hear of the progress of our graduates and the interesting things they do?

IRC Holds Final Meeting of Year

The International Relations Club has held its final meeting of the year. It was conducted by Phillipa Brady, its president. As usual, the discussion was built around timely subjects which have an important bearing on world affairs now and will exert influence in the post-war world.

Two new books which have been presented to the school library by the club were reviewed at the final meeting. They are *New Zealand*, by Walter Nash and *American Peace Plans*, a compilation of peace plans.

Plans were also made for a banquet which will be held at Putnam and Thurston's, during the first part of May. This banquet will bring to an end a very successful year for the I.R.C.

A busy hallway at the Navy's Radio Material School in Washington was being painted. All along the walls were large signs proclaiming, "Wet Paint," and in the corner of each sign was a dab of paint labelled, "Test Here."

The Making of Tomorrow

The Making of Tomorrow, by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, 1942.

The author believes that in the modern world, three great forces are at work: nationalism, collectivism, and opposition to war. He distinguishes the geographical nationalism of the French, who will fight to protect the soil of France from invasion; the empire nationalism of the British, who must consider the far-flung economic and political interests of a world empire; the political nationalism of the Americans, who have a faith in the ideal of democracy; and the racial nationalism of the Germans, who revert to tribal instincts in establishing the doctrine of Nordic supremacy.

Collectivism cuts across these national allegiances. Thus Communists continue to say that they are fostering the cause of world revolution. British conservatives and business interests in following an appeasement policy believed they were acting not in the interests of their class but through patriotism. This trend toward collectivism, in the author's view, poses a dilemma for democracy: can a collectivist society be worked out without destroying the principles of democracy?

De Sales, therefore, sees a two-fold conflict going on in the world today: a vertical struggle between nations and a horizontal struggle within nations which is ideological, economic, political, and social. He wisely makes no predictions as to the outcome of these conflicts, admitting that those who are living through a crisis cannot see the result. He even doubts the possibility of making a synthesis of the complexities of our time.

His definition of American democracy will be of interest to American readers. To this French newspaper correspondent, American democracy is a way of life. The American dream regards the United States as "God's own country," which has the natural resources, energy, and intelligence, if left alone, to work out its own salvation. Hence, the American believes that his way of life is worth preserving and worth fighting for. Moreover, progress is a reality, more progress means more happiness, and people are definitely improvable. The real difference between the Nazis and ourselves, according to De Sales, is that while they want to destroy all that has been built up over 200 years, we want to go on criticising ourselves and changing our ways in the best way we can.

FRANCIS L. JONES

Cercle Francaise

The 1943-44 season of the Cercle Francaise will draw to a close on May 11, 1944. The Cercle Francaise invites the faculty, the student body, and alumni to come to Chapel on this day, Thursday, to see the presentation which the erstwhile members will offer.

The Assemblee Francaise will be under the direction of Yvette Ledoux and Matilda Runstein. All members of the Cercle will participate. We will not reveal our plans but hope you will come and see for yourself.

W.A.A. Has Active Year at W.S.T.C.

The W.A.A. during the past two months has given the opportunity to the faculty to show that they excel in athletics as well as in the intellectual field. To the shame and sorrow (one heart-rending sob here) of the student volley-ball team and the students as a whole, the faculty "came, saw, and conquered" the student team on three different occasions.

The W.A.A. is very grateful for the way in which the faculty and students co-operated in coming out to play or in rooting for their respective teams. One of the highlights of sub-freshman day was the faculty-student volley-ball game, which proved to be a huge success (for the faculty again) and really went over "big" with the sub-freshmen.

For the benefit of you who didn't know or have forgotten the results of our "championship" ping-pong tournament, we are publishing the winners' names:

Singles

1. Maureen Warner
2. Eleanor "Rainey" Spear
3. Evelyn Logan

Doubles

1. Eleanor Spear and Evelyn Logan
2. Maureen Warner and June Scott
3. Elsie Higgins and Helen Nieminen

Building a Life

(An answer to "Building a Temple")

BY LENA A. WEST

No, not a temple, grand though it be,
And fashioned with infinite skill,
For the stones that were used were passive things,
They just followed the builder's will.
Say, rather, an oak in its sturdy strength,
For the acorn from which that grew,
Had, tucked away in its firm, brown coat,
The germ of the oak tree new.

And the warm spring rain, the sun shining down,
The soft earth that folded it tight,
But furnished the help that the wee acorn lacked
To grow to an oak of might.
So the teacher, I say, is not building a house,
Of inanimate blocks of stone,
But is helping an acorn to reach to the light
And become an oak full grown!

A jittery woman, whose husband was about to be reclassified for induction into the Army, fainted when her little son came home from kindergarten one afternoon and announced: "Mother, I was just put into 1A."

Geography Club

By May 12th, the Geography Club will have rounded up its year of activities.

The outstanding event of the club, was the celebration of Pan-American Day. A colorful display of flags from the 21 republics, and articles and books about our neighbors were exhibited in the rotunda. A sound film, "The Pan-American Highway," was shown to the student body.

The retiring officers of the year are: President, Agnes Abram; vice-president, Alice Syverson; secretary, Ruth Tucker.

Seedlings

All good things must come to an end and the career of Flora and Fauna is no exception. Before we leave, it is merely common politeness to thank those who have made our story so pleasant. Therefore, our sincere thanks to:

Miss O'Donnell—for allowing us to express our own unimportant ideas in our own way.

Mr. Carpenter—for reading our column even when he "didn't understand some of the references."

Mr. Osborne—for lending us the sense of humor he insists he hasn't.

Dr. Farnsworth—for being the hero of so many of our fascinating object lessons.

Mr. Riordan—for providing us with so many "quotable quotes."

Venise Withstandley—for just being.

Barbara Stewart—for reminding us early and often that "the column is due."

Phillipa Brady—for giving us valuable pointers on "social service."

Grace and Betty—for letting us read that diary.

Walter and George—for giving us someone to blame.

Vinnie Howe—for saving us many, many dimes.

Bob O'Leary—for keeping up our morale.

Emmett Fink—for his inexhaustible fund of "pleasant little anecdotes."

The Junior Secondaries—for being such nice kids.

The Building and Grounds Committee—for making us "bulletin-board" conscious.

The Freshmen—for letting us relive "the days when we were young".

The Student Body—for letting us be one (or should be say two) of them.

The Teachers With Whom We Apprenticed—for being patient, wise, and understanding while we were inexperienced.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—for allowing us the privilege of spending four years at the college at its expense (practically).

Our Successors—for all the work they are "going" to do.

Our Readers—for coming down to our level for a while.

Gratefully (but tearfully),

FLORA AND FAUNA, '44

The Latin Club Will Meet Latter Part of May

The Latin Club has continued to enjoy a very successful year. The report at the February meeting was given by Helen Nieminen on "Cicero's Home on the Palatine." This proved to be extremely interesting.

Florence Krajewski spoke at the March meeting on the topic "Sappho's Works."

As a substitute for the last meeting, a dinner party has been scheduled which will take place in the latter part of May.

My Catalogue of Lovely Things

DORIS SKRIVARS, '47

The gurgle of a sparkling stream
Between its banks of velvet green
The morning sun on a Sunday scene,
O'er which the graceful willows lean,
These are lovely things.

High, fluffy clouds in a summer's sky,
In changing patterns drifting by,
The shimmering wings of a dragon fly,
The savor of a new-baked pie,
These are lovely things.

A cozy fire on a rainy day,
The fragrant smell of new mown hay,
The twinkling lights across the bay,
Small children's laughter at their play,
These are lovely things.

The patter on a roof of rain,
The lonely whistle of a train,
A windswept sea of waving grain,
The winding turns of a country lane,
These are lovely things.

The silent faithfulness of dogs,
The lowing moans of boats in fogs,
The deep, low choruses of frogs,
The woody smell of fresh-cut logs,
These are lovely things.

The sunlight streaming through the trees,
The picture of a cat at ease,
The mighty roaring of the seas,
The drowsy hum of honey bees,
These are lovely things.

A Dutch Prisoner Remembers

CATHERINE O'NEIL, '47

As I sit here is this dark cell of stone
With Nazi guards patrolling past my door,
I thank the Lord for letting me recall
The beauty and the love I knew before:
My little Hans, the clatter of his shoes,
The laughter drifting from the streets below,
The songs of boatmen on the great canal,
The windmill's creaking when the breezes blow,
The dog carts, milk cans rattling, passing by,
The field of tulips, yellow, white, and red,
The blue-jay's chatter, raven's raucous cry,
The seagulls wheeling, diving overhead.

I thank Him for the memory so clear
Of Mass in the Cathedral that last day.
The Sanctuary Bells were mingled with
The sound of bugles calling us far away,
To fight to die, to save these precious things.
Defeated, yet not conquered we remain
While news across the sea glad tidings bring:
We'll see our world of beauty once again.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Acorn Book Review Dept.

Our Hearts Were Young and Giddy, by Cornelia Otis Warner and Emily Kimbrough Tomolonius. Reviewed by E. K. Tomolonius.

As junior co-author of our new literary effort, *Our Hearts Were Young and Giddy*, it has fallen to me to write a short review of our brain-child and, according to my lights, character delineations are in order. One cannot possibly comprehend the profound philosophy behind our writing without first considering the complex nature of our personalities. (!!!!!!)

My dear friend and severest critic, Cornelia Otis Warner and I are living proofs of the old adage that opposites attract. She is, as those who know us will testify, everything that I am not. For example, she is an athlete of the first water; there is nothing she cannot do in a gymn class or on an athletic field. My case is but slightly different; there is nothing I can do in a gymn class or on an athletic field. She is the original Happy, Healthful, Normal American School Girl. I am healthy. She is a Well-Rounded Personality. I still have some sharp corners. She treads unfalteringly the straight and narrow path which leads to the shining goal of a B.S. in Education. I, in dewy-eyed apathy, am gathering daisies by the wayside. Pillar of strength though she is, and paragon of virtue, my friend is not a "goody-goody." Indeed, if it had not been for her, I doubt if many of the somewhat hair-raising events which we have set down in our book for posterity, would ever have happened.

In our autobiography we have attempted to picture the most outstanding things which made our girlhood gay: the mornings when we would bravely shoulder our dust rags and venture forth into the corridors of our beloved high school to polish up the piano and the statues; the episode of the "Feeble Minded Latin Student" or "Who Stole My Trot?"; the ups and downs of the Female Society of Basket-Ball Players Who Wished to Play Boys' Rules; the case of the "Sad Hitchhiker" or "Riding On the Handle Bars is No Fun", and so on. In recounting our adventures we have naturally hoped to bring a little pleasure to the reader, but more than that, to bring also a ray of hope to such sad creatures in the feminine world as may feel that All is Lost. In summing up, Cornelia Otis Warner and I have survived to the combined age of thirty-six, find ourselves now in a state of reasonable good health and sanity. We do not feel that our lives up to the present have been lived in vain. We feel that the future, too, will be bright and happy. In our forth-coming book, *We Followed Our Hearts To State Teachers*, we shall also give a few highlights of our college career. Watch for date of publication! (Plug.)

We feel that the future, too, will be bright and happy. Our college career, upon which we entered two short years ago clutching each other a little apprehensively, has promised to be an encouraging step in the direction of this bright future, although we have had our little pitfalls, naturally. For instance, we blush to remember how we forgot the refreshments for the faculty chaperones at the first dance our freshman class put on, and the heart-rending struggles we had with the cardiac of the frog and the high jinks of the irascible hydras. Then there was the time that—oh well, why go further? You can read all about these things in our forth-coming book, soon to be released, *We Followed Our Hearts To State Teachers.*

From One Freshman Girl To Another

Why does everything have to happen to me? Everything constantly comes in bunches. Woke up on Monday morning last and it was pouring, forgot a book and ran home to get it, and missed the bus. Consequently, was late for first hour and was called on in class and as my luck would have it, that was the only subject that I didn't do homework in because I was sure I wouldn't be called on. Came time to go home and I remembered I had forgotten my umbrella on the bus. In the evening received a 'phone call from the only male available to take to the dance informing me that he was to report to Devens the day before the dance. But you've got to take things like that in your stride, I guess.

Talk about things coming in bunches, the social activities certainly come all at once. You can't walk down the corridor without seeing a group of the faculty discussing the Scholarship Tea. Seems like it will be very much of a success. The Glee Club girls are talking in slightly hoarse voices from all the practicing they're doing for their concert on May 4th. Believe it will be very nice—especially with all the girls wearing gowns. The Dramatic Club is staging "I'd Rather Be Young" May 10th, under excellent coaching of Miss O'Donnell.

Last, but not least, the sophs are working diligently on the coming May Dance. Wonder who the queen is?

Doesn't it seem rather strange not having Henry with us? Dr. Farnsworth is lost in class among the sea of femininity. Henry relieved the monotony while he was there. He's another boy S.T.C. can be proud of.

Doesn't spring make you feel like running away from your books and studies? Especially when you take a look about you here at the school. The panorama is beautiful regardless of which view you choose to observe. As the buds enlarge on the trees and the grass becomes green, it reminds you of the fact that the school year is almost over, and that next year another group of S.T.C. graduates will enter the teaching profession to make a name for themselves. The Best of Luck to You, Seniors!

LAURA ANNE JACOBSON

"Money spent on schools, libraries, and museums is rather an investment than an expense."

—Sir John Lubbock

The Dramatic Club To Present Play

The Dramatic Club, under the direction of Miss O'Donnell, will present on Wednesday, May 10th, a three-act play by Dorothy Bennett and Link Hannah, entitled "I'd Rather Be Young." The unique thing about the play is, that it contains several invisible characters—important ones, too! Yes, that's right—so come along and solve the mystery for yourself. We think you will also enjoy the picture of a typical small town family and their reactions to the disrupting influence of a fascinating but somewhat radical stranger. Virginia Palmer, Claire George, and Barbara Tomolonius play the naive little Brandon sisters; Margaret Halley is their young and charming guardian; and Betty Holm is interesting as Lottie, the family maid. Pat Doyle makes her stage debut as Mitzi Adams, the vivacious visitor from New York, as do Jeanne Gagnon as the glamorous Rosalie, Dorothy Boerner as the hoydenish Pamela, and Eileen O'Leary as their ever-loving mother. Carolyn Carlson and Margaret Barsam as Shirley Dibble and her aunt Mattie respectively are also making their initial appearances on our stage. We hope all of you will come.

Literary Club Plans "Weenie" Roast May 8

After an active season, the Literary Club is planning for its final meeting an outdoor "weenie" roast on Monday, May 8th. The following committees have been appointed: Refreshments, Chairman: Grace Ann Keegan, Jean Rupp, Mary Houlihan, Marion Russell, June Scott, Dorothe T. Smith. The Entertainment Committee will be directed by Mary Reeves. Her aides are Laura Jacobson, Ethel Drurie, Mary Cavanaugh, Carol Ericson, and Dorothy E. Smith.

"A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him no good."

—Boswell

Newman Club Meet May 7th For Mass

Again this year, as in years past, the final activity of the Newman Club will be the Communion Breakfast following a Mass at Christ the King Church, on Sunday, May 7th. The breakfast this year will be held at Putnam and Thurston's Restaurant.

The speaker will be Monsignor Bolislaus Bojanowski, pastor of St. Mary's Church, who will speak on Russia and Poland. Miss Eleanor Looney and Miss Jeanne Gagnon, members of the club, will sing.

Committee Chairmen for the breakfast are:

Co-chairmen: Mary Houlihan and Elizabeth McCann

Arrangements: Maureen Cove and Barbara Brosnan.

Favors: Virginia Palmer and Grace Toombs.

Speaker: Miss Foster, Katherine O'Neill, Margaret Halley, and Eleanor Looney.

Tickets: Ruth Connolly and Jeanne Gagnon.

Thank You!

The members of the ACORN Staff wish to thank the members of the faculty and student body for helping to make our paper a success. We have greatly appreciated your contributions.

We also wish to thank Miss O'Donnell for the help and time she has so willingly given us.

To Heffernan Press we are also indebted. They have done a fine job, and our hats are off to them.

Thanks again to everyone!

What's Cookin'

To the members of the faculty and student body who are domestically inclined we pass on our Cafeteria special:

MIDNITE LOAF CAKE

½ cup of shortening
1¼ cups of sugar
2 eggs
1 cup of hot water
½ cup cocoa
1½ cups of flour
½ tsp. of salt
1 tsp. of soda
1 tsp. of baking powder
1 tsp. of vanilla

Cream shortening — add sugar gradually and cream until fluffy. Add vanilla.

Blend in well-beaten eggs. Slowly add hot water to cocoa and mix until smooth. Stir to dissolve completely.

Sift flour, salt, soda, and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture alternately with cocoa mixture. Bake at 350 degrees F.

New Additions To Our Library

A Goodly Fellowship, by Mary Ellen Chase.
Brazil in the Making, by José Jobin.
Building a Curriculum for General Education, by Ivol Spafford and others.
Burma—Gateway to China, by H. G. Deignan.
Crusade for Pan-Europe, by Richard N. Coudenhove-Kelergi.
International Police Force, compiled by Julia E. Johnsen.
Islands of the Pacific, by Hawthorne Daniel.
Lend-Lease, by Edward Stettinius, Jr.
Neighbors to the South, by Delia Goetz.
New Zealand, A Working Democracy, by Walter Nash.
On the Threshold of World Order, by Vera Micheles Dean.
Outcomes of General Education, by Ruth E. Eckert.
Peace Plans and American Choices, by Arthur C. Millspaugh.
People Under Hitler, by Wallace R. Deuel.
Shortage of Victory, by Gabriel Javsicas.
The Amazon: A New Frontier? by Earl Parker Hanson.
The Drama of Chemistry, by Sidney J. French.
The New Europe, by Bernard Newman.
The Russians, the Land, the People, and Why They Fight, by Albert R. Williams.
The Soul of a Queen, by Tryphosa Bates-Batcheller.

World of Tomorrow

Probably nothing receives more publicity than the world of tomorrow. People in every land are peering through the mists of this chaotic war, looking for the dawn of the bright peaceful tomorrow. Even our statesmen are projecting their thoughts into the future in their attempts to lay the foundation of a permanent edifice of world peace. When we peruse a magazine the bold faced type of advertisement strikes our eye with the hopeful promise of nylons, long Sunday drives, and token-free-shopping—all in the distant tomorrow. But is not not a human failing (or virtue) to be always awaiting the morrow. The freckled schoolboy dreams the long winter of the tomorrow of summer when he can roam the meadows to his heart's content. The poverty stricken and the invalid anticipates a tomorrow that will lighten their burden of sorrow. The soldier longs for the tomorrow when he can return to his home and loved ones.

As the poet says—"Tomorrow creeps in its petty pace from day to day," but it holds out to everyone the promise of a future of peace and contentment.

MARY MCDONNELL, '46

Geraldine Condon Sends Greetings to College Alumni

Greetings to the Graduates Association:

I am very happy to greet you through this fine college paper.

I am looking forward to our annual reunion in the Fall, hoping it will bring many of you back to the college for a grand "get together". We shall notify you of the date a little later.

And to the members of the Graduating Class, may I say, "A very hearty welcome to the Graduates Association!"

Sincerely yours,

GERALDINE E. CONDON
President, Graduates Association
Worcester State Teacher's College

Sub-Freshman Day Observed at S.T.C.

Sub-freshman day was inaugurated at our college on April fifth, when juniors and seniors from the high schools were the guests of our freshmen and sophomores. The guests attended regular classes through the morning, and the afternoon was given over to entertainment. A one-act play, "Overtones" by Alice Gerstenberg, was presented by the following members of the Dramatic Club: Misses Louise Spongberg, Helen Nieminen, Genevieve O'Flynn, and Virginia Palmer. The college glee club presented two selections: "Quiet," by Sanderson, and "Chocolate Prince" by Joseph Wagner. Students representing the various clubs spoke briefly about their activities. In the gymnasium there were demonstration games of table tennis, badminton, and the faculty and students played a game of volleyball. An interesting day was spent by everyone.